

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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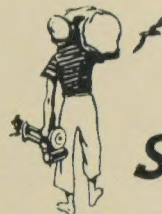
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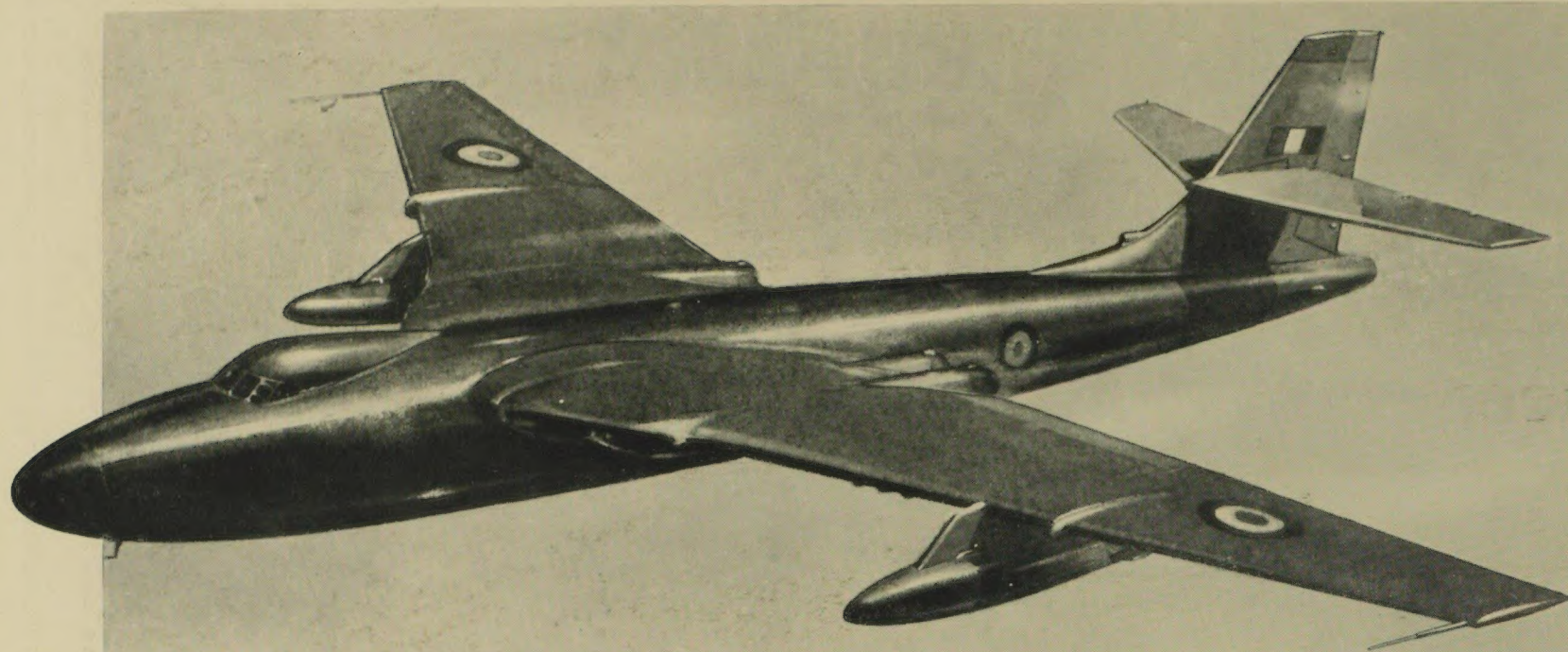
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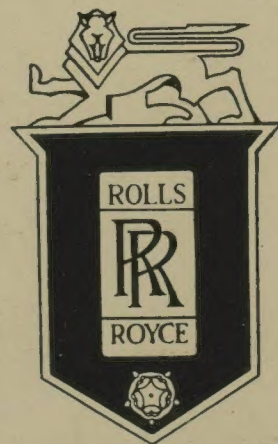
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1956.



**TO BE THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF YORK: THE RIGHT REV. A. M. RAMSEY, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM.**

It was announced on January 4 that the Queen had been pleased to approve that the Right Rev. Arthur Michael Ramsey, D.D., Lord Bishop of Durham, be nominated for election by the Dean and Chapter of York as Archbishop of York in place of the late Dr. Cyril Garbett. The election is due to take place after January 26. Dr. Ramsey, who is fifty-one, has been Bishop of Durham since 1952. As such he was one of the two bishops who supported the Queen at the Coronation. He was educated at Repton School where he was a pupil of the then headmaster and present Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher. He went up to Magdalene

College, Cambridge, as a Scholar and read first Classics and then Theology. He became President of the Cambridge Union. After his ordination in 1928 he was curate of Liverpool Parish Church for two years before being appointed Subwarden of Lincoln Theological College. From 1940-50 he was a Canon of Durham Cathedral and Professor of Divinity in the University of Durham. In 1950 he became Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, being also a Fellow of his former college. In 1952 he was elected Bishop of Durham. Although born into a Nonconformist family, Dr. Ramsey undoubtedly belongs to the Anglo-Catholic tradition.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

MY correspondence this morning included a letter from an old, but apparently extremely vigorous and alert gentleman of ninety-six. His writing was firm and forward-sloping, his subject matter full of zest and vivacity. Reading his letter, it delighted me to think that at the time when that sprightly veteran, Sir Winston Churchill, was still in his pram, my unknown correspondent had finished his schooling and was on the threshold of manhood. In fact, he had been born before the beginning of the American Civil War, of whose marching and camp-fire songs the B.B.C., in their programme "The Blue and the Grey," gave the other day such a moving and illuminating broadcast. And that started me on a specu-

lation of which I never tire when I think of any great span of life, of how few such spans are needed to carry one far back in time, to events that are part of history and which now seem to us as remote almost, and as romantic, as those of the Old Testament and the *Iliad*. If, for instance, my elderly, youthful correspondent had been the son, as he well might have been, of a father as vigorous in old age as himself who had married, shall we say, perhaps for the second time, at the age of sixty-six, that father would have been born in the eighteenth century, in the year 1795. He might as a young subaltern have fought, as many a young subaltern of eighteen did, at Vittoria and taken part in Wellington's wonderful crowning campaign in the Pyrenees and south-western France, and then, a young veteran of twenty, served at Waterloo. And had, by a strange but by no means impossible coincidence, this man also been the son of a father who married late in life, at the age, shall we say, of seventy, my correspondent's grandfather might have been born in the reign of George I and, in the following year, been dandled on his mother's knee as she watched, as all play-going England was doing in that year, the earliest performances of Gay's "Beggar's Opera." He might as a boy have set eyes on men who had been intimate friends of Samuel Pepys and even on men who had seen the Restoration of Charles II, the Great Protector riding through the gateway of Whitehall and Charles I dying on the scaffold. Such is the sweep of time that can be covered by only three generations, to use the word in its most literal sense. It is the reflection of how swiftly time changes, how startling are the revolutions through which men in their own and their immediate forbears' lifetimes pass, that makes the historian so aware of the poetry of history and so humble. There are trees in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens that were there when the remote events of which I have written were actually happening. Sometimes, as I pass, I touch those trees.

There are plenty of people living in the world to-day whose grandfathers were born in the eighteenth century, though there are probably very few, if any, left whose fathers were. That great soldier, Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, London's Lord Lieutenant—a vigorous and alert man, as millions of television watchers know, in his early seventies—can boast that both his grandfathers were born in the eighteenth century. I have no doubt that after this article appears in print, I shall hear from several readers of links in time as remarkable and perhaps even more remarkable than the imaginary ones I have instanced. I myself—and I can scarcely yet be called an old man—remember having my childish attention drawn to a venerable figure in a chair who, I was told, had been alive at the time of Trafalgar. And the picture against which that aged man was set and which I can so vividly recall—the summer brilliance of the elm-lined walk by Rotten Row when it was thronged by the brilliant, glittering fashion of the earlier years of Edward VII's reign—is quite as unlike anything in

our own age as the scenes of that old man's youth in Regency London were unlike those in which he still moved, when I saw him, in the London of the beginning of the twentieth century.

I have been prompted to these reflections by more than a historian's natural feeling for the romance and interest of the past. It seems to me that, despite the unprecedented interest in historical books by a comparatively small and educated minority of our vast population, a sense of history, that is, of the significance and meaning of time, is the supreme need of our age. No other age that I can think of has ever so rapidly cut itself off from the past out of which it grew or, indeed, has possessed the

mechanical and scientific wherewithal for doing so so swiftly. As a result, we have largely lost, as a people—and all over the world other peoples are in the same or worse plight—our sense of direction; not knowing from where we have come, we are unable to tell where we are going or even to form any balanced view of where we ought to be going. I was much struck the other evening by a talk on the wireless about the planting of trees given by Dr. Mark Anderson, the Professor of Forestry at the University of Edinburgh. He called it "Time for Forestry," and it seemed to me one of the wisest and most interesting talks to which I have ever listened. Its theme was the relation between time and the economics of woodland and forest management—a relationship which in reality lies at the heart of all economics, but which economists, bankers and statesmen seem so very rarely to consider. This use or planning by economic man of time is an artificial thing. But like all artificial devices, it needs to be founded on natural law if it is not to prove of harm to mankind instead of being helpful and beneficial. For a short while, it is true, man, by his regulation of time, can profit while ignoring Nature; but in the long run the laws that govern creation exact their full price and punishment for their breach. Having for the sake of the profit of one generation destroyed Nature's forests—the natural and self-renewing source of timber, operating according to Nature's time-law and not man's—we have discovered in the present century that we cannot do without forests and are trying to replant them as fast as we can. But in our haste to do so, in our short-time obsession with the present and with quick profits, we are falling into exactly the same mistake as our fathers and forefathers who felled them, and who committed waste on the permanent heritage of man. Ruled by a short-term accountancy, we have been trying to plant trees as mono-cultural crops calculated for a quick return, and have forgotten that this is not Nature's



APPROVED BY THE QUEEN FOR NOMINATION FOR ELECTION BY THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF ST. PAUL'S AS BISHOP OF LONDON: THE RT. REV. HENRY COLVILLE MONTGOMERY CAMPBELL, M.C., D.D., LORD BISHOP OF GUILDFORD.

It was announced on January 5 that Dr. Campbell was to succeed to the See of London, vacant owing to the resignation of Dr. Wand on December 31, 1955. Dr. Campbell, who is sixty-eight, was educated at Malvern, B.N.C., Oxford and Wells Theological College, and was ordained priest in 1911. He was a chaplain to the forces in the 1914-18 war and won the M.C. After holding livings in Poplar, West Hackney, Hornsey, and St. George's, Hanover Square, he became Suffragan Bishop of Willesden and later Suffragan Bishop of Kensington. He was Rector of St. Andrew Undershafth 1942-49, and enthroned Bishop of Guildford in December 1949. He is married and has a son and four daughters.

way of conserving and producing timber. A forest is an organic unity, and our object should be, regardless of our immediate time convenience, to re-create for all time, or perpetuity, the self-renewing conditions of forest growth. Professor Anderson, in his talk, suggested that in our haste to get quick-cash crops we were planting much too quickly, thinking a mere fifty years ahead instead of a hundred. Writing as a very humble woodland-owner who is trying to renew beechwoods in which, owing to interference with nature there has been little natural regeneration for half a century, and where the ugly gaps left by the clear-fellings of two wars have to be restored to their natural forest state, I am convinced that he is right. The re-creation of natural forest is, in the nature of things, one of the slowest and, therefore, in terms of accountancy, one of the costliest of processes. But, measured by a nation's need—a nation that goes on from generation to generation—it is one of the most rewarding. It is like rearing a goose that lays golden eggs for ever.



## HUNTING THE MAU MAU: THE AFRICAN HOME GUARD VERSUS KENYA BANDITS.



ADVANCING CAUTIOUSLY IN INDIAN FILE, GUNS HELD AT THE READY: MEMBERS OF THE AFRICAN HOME GUARD IN SEARCH OF MAU MAU TERRORISTS.

THE menace of Mau Mau, which at one time threatened the future of Kenya with a savagery so violent as to shock civilised opinion the world over, is now little more than a cipher. The remnants of a once powerful movement are now hunted without respite in the forest regions of Mount Kenya and the Aberdare Mountains. Major R.A.F. bombing attacks have been abandoned, for the Mau Mau have now split up into small units whose sole object is to find sufficient food to enable them to stay alive. Ground troops and police search remorselessly for them, but perhaps their most significant danger springs from the activities of the African Home

[Continued below.]



CLOSING IN FOR THE KILL: THE AFRICAN HOME GUARD DISCOVER A MAU MAU TERRORIST LYING DEAD OR DYING IN THE MIDDLE OF A MAIZE FIELD. HE HAS BEEN HIT IN THE HEAD AND CHEST BY BULLETS FIRED BY THE HOME GUARD, AND IS PINIONED BY A SPEAR.



BREAKING COVER TO APPROACH THE TALL MAIZE WHERE A MAU MAU TERRORIST MAY BE HIDING: THE AFRICAN HOME GUARD, WHO HAVE ACCOUNTED FOR MANY MAU MAU AND HAVE SET AN EXAMPLE TO OTHER TRIBESMEN.



SEARCHING THEIR MAU MAU CAPTIVES AFTER A SUCCESSFUL HUNT: A JUBILANT PATROL OF THE AFRICAN HOME GUARD. THEIR PRISONERS WERE ARMED WITH PANGAS AND CLUBS.

[Continued.]

Guard, an armed loyal force, who pursue the Mau Mau unflinchingly through terrain with which they are themselves uniquely familiar and, at the same time, give heart and confidence to those African peoples whose fear of the terrorists provided the Mau Mau movement in the early stages with its greatest support. The successes



A DEFENCE AGAINST MAU MAU TERRORISM: ONE OF THE AFRICAN HOME GUARD, ARMED ONLY WITH A SPEAR, BUT HAPPY IN DOING A GOOD JOB WELL.

of the Home Guard have been notable. Many Mau Mau leaders and rank and file have been captured or killed. With British troops and police, the Home Guard were closing in, on January 8, on a Mau Mau gang, variously estimated to be between thirty and fifty strong, trapped in a papyrus swamp near Lake Naivasha.



## SEARCHING A FOREST FOR TERRORISTS: BRITISH TROOPS IN A CYPRUS DRIVE.



SETTING OUT ON A ROAD PATROL IN THE MOUNTAINOUS REGION OF NORTH-EAST CYPRUS: BRITISH ARMoured CARS TAKING PART IN A RECENT LARGE-SCALE OPERATION.



A SECURITY CHECK BY A BRITISH SERGEANT AT PHLAMOUDHI: THE WOMAN ON THE DONKEY WAS GOING ABOUT HER LAW-ABIDING BUSINESS, BUT NO CHANCES ARE TAKEN.



TALKING TO TROOPS ENGAGED IN THE SEARCH FOR ARMS AND WANTED MEN IN NORTH-EAST CYPRUS: FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN HARDING, THE GOVERNOR, WHO VISITED THE REGION.

*Continued.* ordered out for interrogation. On the following day, the Governor, Field Marshal Sir John Harding, flew to the area by helicopter to view the progress of the operation and to talk with men of the regiments engaged. Areas previously cordoned off were systematically searched by troops while armoured cars patrolled the neighbouring roads in case any encircled terrorists attempted to break out.



HELD FOR INTERROGATION AFTER A SWEEP BY BRITISH FORCES: MALE VILLAGERS FROM DHAVLOS, ONE OF THE PLACES SEALED OFF AND SEARCHED FOR TERRORIST ARMS.



SURVEYING THE THICKLY-WOODED MOUNTAINSIDE FOR TERRORIST FUGITIVES: MEN OF THE MIDDLESEX REGIMENT KEEPING A SHARP LOOK-OUT DURING A RECENT LARGE-SCALE OPERATION IN ARDUOUS AND DIFFICULT COUNTRY IN THE NORTH-EAST OF CYPRUS.

THE scale of operations of British troops in Cyprus continues to increase. They are aimed primarily at the unearthing of arms caches and the capture of terrorist fugitives, some of whom have a price of £5000 on their heads. Such an operation commenced on Jan. 3 in mountainous forest country in the north-east of the island. Troops of five regiments took part, assisted by warships, spotter aircraft, and police with tracker dogs. The villages of Dhavlos and Phlamoudhi, near the sea, were sealed off and the male population

*[Continued below.]*



A FRIENDLY SOLDIER LENDS A HAND AT THE VILLAGE WELL, GUARDED BY AN ARMED SENTRY. THE SCENE IS PHLAMOUDHI.

Villagers moving through this operational territory were examined for concealed arms, and even the goods in the charge of a woman on a donkey were not above suspicion. The search continued in this arduous area for some days, but no conspicuous successes were reported. Nevertheless, the necessity for such operations is emphasized by previous successes in similar raids.



# FROM HOME AND ABROAD: A CAMERA RECORD OF RECENT EVENTS GRAVE AND GAY.



TO BE SOLD: COBHAM HALL, BETWEEN GRAVESEND AND ROCHESTER IN KENT, WHICH HAS BEEN THE SEAT OF THE EARLS OF DARNLEY FOR NEARLY 250 YEARS.

A famous Tudor mansion, Cobham Hall, Kent, is for sale by private treaty on the instructions of the trustees of the eighth Earl of Darnley will trust. The greater part of the building is Elizabethan, but the main block belongs to the middle of the seventeenth century to a design traditionally ascribed to Inigo Jones.



COVERED WITH THE ARCHBISHOP'S COPE AND WITH HIS PASTORAL STAFF LYING ON IT: DR. GARBETT'S COFFIN BEING BORNE FROM YORK MINSTER.

More than 2000 people gathered in York Minster on January 4 for the funeral of Dr. Cyril Forster Garbett, the ninety-first Archbishop of York, who died on December 31. The service, which was short but very moving, was attended by the Princess Royal, who represented the Queen.



CUTTING THE FIRST PIECE OF THE YULE LOG CAKE: PRINCESS MARGARET AT SADLER'S WELLS, WHERE SHE ATTENDED A GALA PERFORMANCE TO COMMEMORATE THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE, ON TWELFTH NIGHT, JANUARY 6.



HOLDING A SMALL COPY OF THE YULE CAKE WHICH SHE HAD CUT: PRINCESS MARGARET AT SADLER'S WELLS.

On January 6 Princess Margaret interrupted her holiday at Sandringham to be present at a gala performance at Sadler's Wells Theatre in honour of the theatre's twenty-fifth birthday. The Princess is president of the Sadler's Wells Foundation.



ON THE STEPS LEADING TO THE PRESIDENTIAL PALACE IN SAIGON: AN IMPRESSIVE NATIVE GUARD OF HONOUR FOR PRESIDENT DIEM.

During ceremonies recently held at the Presidential Palace in Saigon, members of the population pledged loyalty to M. Ngo Dinh Diem, President of the Republic and head of the Government of Southern Viet Nam. M. Diem received a 98 per cent. vote in the referendum last October.



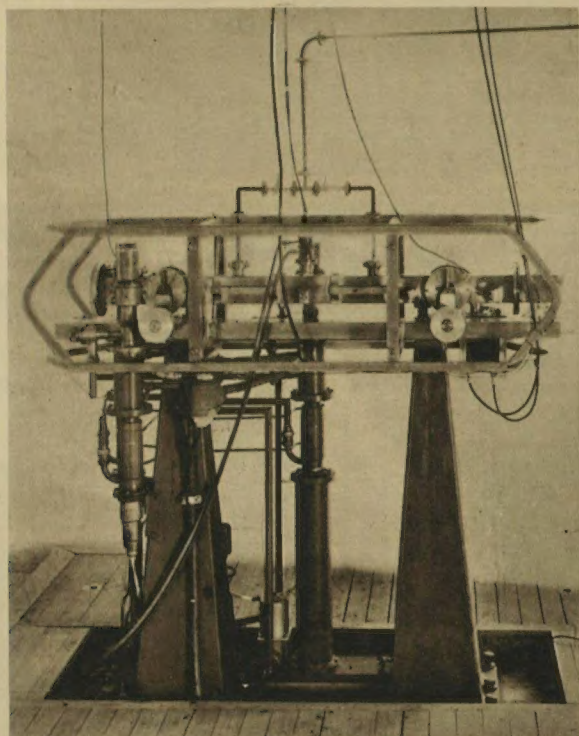
AT THE RECENT CEREMONIES OF LOYALTY IN SAIGON: PRESIDENT DIEM PLACING HIS BARE FOOT ON THE BRONZE FIGURE OF AN ELEPHANT, WHICH IS CONSIDERED TO BE A SYMBOL OF STRENGTH.



## ATOMIC TIME-KEEPING, AN ANGLO-JEWISH MEDAL, AND OTHER ITEMS.



WHERE LUFTHANSA, THE WEST GERMAN AIR LINE, HAS ITS HEADQUARTERS AND IS AT PRESENT TRAINING YOUNG COMMERCIAL AIR PILOTS: PART OF THE VAST NEW ADMINISTRATION BUILDING AT HAMBURG FUHLBUETTEL.



ATOMIC SCIENCE USED TO REGULATE TIME-KEEPING: THE CAESIUM ATOMIC CLOCK DEVELOPED BY THE NATIONAL PHYSICAL LABORATORY.

All ordinary time-keeping is based on the rotation of the Earth, either by a swinging pendulum or by the more rapid vibrations of a ring of quartz: but owing to fluctuation in the rotation, even quartz clocks have to be adjusted periodically. To overcome this difficulty the natural vibrations of the caesium atom are being used instead of the ponderous movements of the heavenly bodies. The caesium atom has unusual magnetic properties. It behaves like a tiny compass needle, and when passing through a rapidly alternating magnetic field it can be made to reverse direction. The new caesium time-regulator consists of a 5-ft. length of copper tube and a system of pipes and pumps to create a high vacuum inside it. Coils of wire round the tube create the necessary magnetic fields, and a small transmitter, something like a radar set, produces the alternating field. Caesium atoms, evaporated from an oven, stream through the tube and are focused on a detector at the far end. If the frequency of the transmitter is just right, they spin round and are deflected away from the detector, so that there is a sudden drop in the number of atoms which reach it. When this happens, the transmitter is known to be set at the caesium frequency of vibration, and it can be used to calibrate the quartz clocks. In course of time it is hoped to regulate clocks by this method, so that they neither gain nor lose more than one second in 300 years.



BRITAIN'S NEWEST "CUT COST" AIRCRAFT: THE SHORT SEAMEW, AN ANTI-SUBMARINE AND MARINE RECONNAISSANCE TURBOPROP AIRCRAFT, DESIGNED FOR RAPID PRODUCTION.

The Short Seamew, which goes into service with R.A.F. Coastal Command this month and with the R.N. later in the year, and is now in full production at Belfast, can dive at 325 knots and has a maximum height of 24,500 ft. It has a Mamba turboprop engine and folding wings and can carry a variety of weapons.



COMMEMORATING THE RESETTLEMENT OF THE JEWS IN ENGLAND: THE OBTVERSE OF THE TERCENTENARY MEDAL STRUCK BY PAUL VINCZE.

This medal shows Oliver Cromwell, who gave permission for the Jews to return to England in 1656, and Menasseh Ben Israel, a leading Rabbi from Amsterdam, who persuaded him to do so.



REPORTING ON THE ASIAN TOUR HE MADE TOGETHER WITH MARSHAL BULGANIN, THE PRIME MINISTER: MR. KHRUSHCHEV, THE COMMUNIST PARTY FIRST SECRETARY, ADDRESSING THE SUPREME SOVIET IN THE KREMLIN.

On December 29 Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev both addressed the closing day's session of the Supreme Soviet, summarising their Asian tour. Mr. Khrushchev denounced what he described as a new form of colonialism by the Western Powers. Both leaders emphasised the great success of their Asian tour.



VALENTINE TANKS WITHOUT TURRETS AND MOTORS AT THE DOCKSIDE IN ANTWERP: THESE WERE BOUGHT AS SURPLUS BY A BELGIAN MERCHANT AND HAVE BEEN EXPORTED TO EGYPT. Recently concern has been caused by the news that a Belgian merchant has been exporting reconditioned surplus English tanks to Egypt. Our photograph shows the bad condition that some of these tanks were in. The British Government has been having consultations with Belgium about the export of these tanks.



SYMBOLS OF AUTHORITY, AMITY AND CO-OPERATION IN N.A.T.O.: A PHOTOGRAPH OF GENERAL OFFICERS' CAPS TAKEN DURING A CONFERENCE OF COMMANDERS AT JOINT HEADQUARTERS, NORTHERN FORCES CENTRAL EUROPE, AT MOENCHEN-GLADBACH. THE BRITISH CAP (LEFT) IS THAT OF GENERAL SIR R. GALE, C.-IN-C., B.A.O.R. AND COMMANDER NORTHERN ARMY GROUP.



## AFTER THE FRENCH ELECTIONS, AND THE RISE OF THE POUJADIST PARTY.



M. THOREZ, THE LEADER OF THE FRENCH COMMUNIST PARTY—THE LARGEST SINGLE PARTY IN THE ASSEMBLY, WITH 150 SEATS.



DISCUSSING THE POSSIBILITY OF A "LEFT CENTRE" COALITION: (L. TO R.) M. DEFFERRE, A SOCIALIST PARTY LEADER; M. GUY MOLLET, SECRETARY-GENERAL OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY, AND M. MENDÈS-FRANCE (RADICAL).



M. EDGAR FAURE, THE LAST PRIME MINISTER AND THE LEADER OF THE "FAURIST" RADICALS, POLITICALLY RIGHT OF CENTRE.



IN A TYPICAL ATTITUDE: M. PIERRE POUJADE, THE LEADER OF THE NEW PARTY, WHICH CAPTURED 52 SEATS.



THE LEADERS OF THE POUJADIST PARTY, WHOSE CAPTURE OF 52 SEATS PROVIDED THE SURPRISE AND THE PROBLEM OF THE FRENCH ELECTIONS: (L. TO R.) M. A. GAYRARD, M. PIERRE POUJADE AND M. J. M. LE PEN. M. POUJADE HIMSELF HAS NO SEAT.



M. PIERRE POUJADE (CENTRE, SEATED), THE FOUNDER OF THE POUJADIST PARTY, WHICH GAINED A SURPRISING VICTORY, WITH SEVERAL OF HIS CLOSEST ASSOCIATES.



AT HIS TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS NEAR PARIS: M. PIERRE POUJADE, WITH HIS WIFE, FORMERLY A NURSE IN THE FRENCH FORCES AND HIS INSEPARABLE POLITICAL AIDE.

The results of the French General Election, which was hoped to solve the political deadlock, seemed, if anything, more likely to make the deadlock even more absolute. Very few French political parties are anything like so static as English political parties, with the exception (in this election) of the Communists and the new party of M. Poujade. These were the only two major groups to gain strength. The Communists increased their strength in the Assembly from 96 to 150—these being the figures at January 9—but this startling increase was due more to the vagaries of the electoral system than to a proportionate increase of the popular vote; and the

new party of M. Pierre Poujade, which began as a shopkeepers' party devoted to reducing taxation but has developed into a party of the extreme right, mainly devoted to savage attacks on a liberal policy in North Africa, surprisingly entered the Assembly with no fewer than fifty-two seats. At the date of writing, manoeuvres for the formation of coalitions, such as a "Republican Front" and a "Popular Front" were taking place; but this latter was complicated by the fact that the Communists were indicating their possible readiness to join a "Popular Front," a fact which might tend to unite otherwise irreconcilable centre parties.



# ROUND THE WORLD WITH CAPTAIN COOK.

"THE JOURNALS OF CAPTAIN JAMES COOK ON HIS VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY." VOL. I "THE VOYAGE OF THE 'ENDEAVOUR,' 1768-1771";  
 Edited from the Original Manuscripts by J. G. BEAGLEHOLE.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

IT was, I think, in "The Wrong Box" that an airy young man, picking up a learned periodical in his club, perused it briefly, and then exclaimed "Golly, what a paper." A similar, if slightly coarser, exclamation rose to my lips as I unpacked the first volume of the Hakluyt Society's latest publication. It would be only a slight exaggeration to say that there is a cubic foot of it: and there are three more volumes, as well as a portfolio of maps and drawings, to follow it. However, difficult though it may be to handle and read, unless laid flat upon a table or supported diagonally on a lectern, it is a very impressive monument to a great and good man, a model of research and of textual criticism and collation which emulates the greatest performances of scholars in the classical field, and a work fascinating on every page, both from the human and from the scientific point of view. Not the least striking point about it is that its "onlie begetter" (although he has had cordial assistance from all over the globe) is a don in the Victoria University College in Wellington, N.Z. One cannot help reflecting on the rapidity of modern change. Less than 200 years ago Captain Cook, had he been tactless or rash, might have been eaten in New Zealand, as he was, in the end, killed and eaten elsewhere by the "noble savages" of the period: to-day New Zealand does not eat him, but edits him.

I think that the great classical editors, had they been able to swivel their eyes from the remoter to the nearer past would have approved of Dr. Beaglehole. He wants facts, and he has gone to immense pains collating manuscripts in order to establish and illuminate his text, and has spared no trouble in investigating the history of his documents. Cook's holograph journal of his first voyage, occupies only 479 pages out of nearly double that number in the volume. Two hundred pages are devoted to a masterly General Introduction, which surveys the story of Pacific voyaging, by Portuguese, Spaniards, Englishmen, Dutchmen and Frenchmen before Cook's time. A sketch of Polynesian history follows, which is invaluable because of the light it throws on Cook's own observations of the inhabitants of those widely-sprinkled groups of islands—all of which, it may be added, were easily missed by some of his chartless predecessors, driving vaguely westward over those thousands of miles of the greatest ocean in the world. There are then a Textual Introduction of nearly thirty

conveying them to such Place to the Southward of the Equinoctial Line as should be judged proper for observing the Phenomenon; and whereas the Council of the Royal Society have acquainted us that they have appointed Mr. Charles Green, together with yourself, to be their Observers of the said Phenomenon, and have desired that the Observation may be made at Port Royal Harbour in King Georges Island lately discover'd by Capt<sup>n</sup> Wallis in His Majesty's Ship the "Dolphin," the place thereof being not only better ascertained than any other within the Limits proper for the Observation, but also better situated, and in every other respect the most advantageous; You are hereby requir'd and directed to receive the said Mr. Charles Green with his Servant Instruments and Baggage, on board the said Bark, and proceed in her according to the following Instructions.



"THE FACE IS ONE OF THE NOBLEST, STRONGEST, YET MOST SENSITIVE, WITH WHICH I AM ACQUAINTED": CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, FROM A PORTRAIT BY NATHANIEL DANCE, 1776.

(From an oil-painting in the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the Museum.)

Further Instructions Cook received from these fussers included recipes for making anti-scurvy soup. Cook, I think, never lost a man through scurvy. Wherever he called he got them fresh meat and, more important still, fresh fruit and vegetables. Whitehall, then as now, was enough to drive anybody to remote explorations.

Such parts of Cook's Journal as deal with the periods when the *Endeavour* was in open sea will not be found uniformly interesting by lay readers, though

they may have had their uses to hydrographers and meteorologists, amongst whom Cook himself was notable. Persons looking for the Romance of the South Seas, and dusky Gauguinesque beauties reclining languorously on coral beaches or under the spreading bread-fruit tree, will think themselves ill-rewarded by entries such as "Sunday 19th. Winds Between the N. and West. Courses N. 52° W. Distce sail'd in miles 50. Latd in South 27° 21'. Longd in West of Greenwich 129° 28'. First part fresh gales and Squally with rain, remainder More Moderate and Cloudy. Variation AM p<sup>r</sup> Mean of several Azimuths 3° 14' E. Loosed the 2nd reef out of the topsails," and will sigh in slight relief when the two following entries, after the normal nautical observations record "saw several Tropic Birds" and "Saw some rock weed and a great many Tropic Birds." But once ashore he is far more

voluble and graphic, and it must be remembered that on this voyage he sailed round the Horn and saw the Tierra del Fuegians (he had little use for the Straits of Magellan, where sailing-ships found, to their inconvenience, that the wind refused to wriggle in conformity with the wriggling of the channel), spent a long time at Tahiti (which he circumnavigated), proceeded to circumnavigate New Zealand, then, after naming Botany Bay, coasted the whole way up the eastern side of Australia—and so home.

His entries broaden in interest as he goes. This young Cook, son of a Yorkshire agricultural labourer, then a hand on a Whitby coaster, then a volunteer seaman in H.M. Navy, and rapidly promoted because of his sheer brains and character, was accompanied on this voyage by Mr. (afterwards Sir) Joseph Banks, F.R.S., a very rich young landowner, with great curiosity and a passion to extend human knowledge. Cook, strong, sensitive, upright, admitted himself to himself as being "uneducated," but he drew mental sustenance and literary help from whatever source was available, and Dr. Beaglehole shows that, when the elegant young Banks's records appeared to be better than his own, he adopted them. It was "fifty-fifty": Banks couldn't have got to Australia without Cook: and Cook couldn't have had his eyes opened to a multitude of interesting, and even enchanting, things, without Banks.

This book is too full of "a number of things" for me to describe it on a page. It gives us an early picture of the Polynesians and the Australians, before the white explorers, traders and missionaries got at them—and it should be remembered that, although the Europeans brought diseases, they did, even in leisurely Tahiti, stop ritual human sacrifice. It reminds us of a world, not so very long past, in which even the most careful navigator couldn't be quite sure what he was going to encounter: though, in our time, the Japanese were able to "pin-point Pearl Harbour in one." But it also gradually reveals the character of a very great man, who might have loomed very much larger in the eyes of all English youth had it not been for one unfortunate fracas.

When this massive series of volumes has been completed somebody will, I suppose, write a "standard" life of Cook: the material has now been assembled. I don't know how old Dr. Beaglehole is; Methuselah himself might have been proud of Dr. Beaglehole's achievement. It would be best, of course, if he took the job on himself. If he can't, why shouldn't he turn it over to one of his students, training him for the task?

What Cook might have come to had he not, inadvertently, been killed in the Sandwich Islands, is



ENDEAVOUR AT SEA.

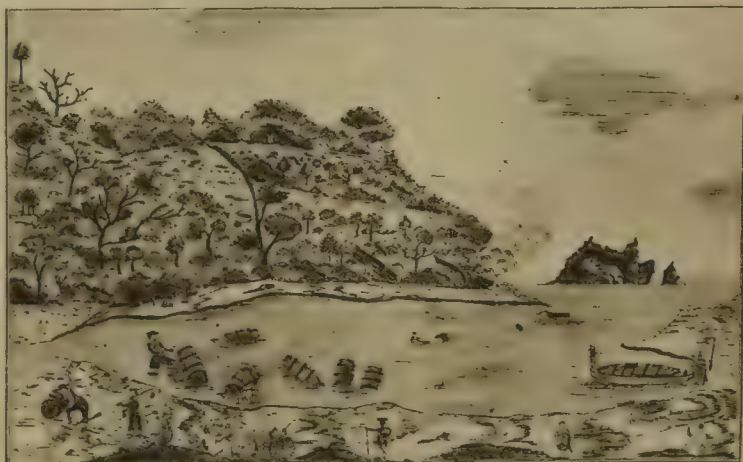
(From a pencil drawing by Sydney Parkinson. B.M., Add. MS. 9345, fol. 16V, reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum.)

pages, an account of subordinate manuscript sources (including Cook's Log), printed sources, graphic records, and a great deal about other records made by Cook's diary-keeping crew.

And of course there is a great deal from the Admiralty. There are the "Instructions," windy like everything from Whitehall. They begin:

Whereas we have, in Obedience to the King's Commands, caused His Majesty's Bark the "Endeavour," whereof you are Commander, to be fitted out in a proper manner for receiving such Persons as the Royal Society should think fit to appoint to observe the Passage of the planet Venus over the Disk of the Sun on the 3rd of June 1769, and for

\* "The Journals of Captain James Cook on His Voyages of Discovery." Edited from the Original Manuscripts by J. G. Beaglehole. Vol. I (of a projected four volumes and a portfolio); "The Voyage of the *Endeavour*, 1768-1771." Illustrated. (Cambridge University Press for the Hakluyt Society; £4.)



THE WATERING-PLACE IN TOLAGA BAY, NEW ZEALAND, BY JAMES COOK.

(From a pen drawing by James Cook, unsigned, after a drawing by Parkinson. B.M., Add. MS. 7085.21. Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum.)

Illustrations reproduced from the book: "The Journals of Captain James Cook. Vol. I, The Voyage of the *Endeavour*, 1768-1771," by courtesy of the publishers, the Cambridge University Press, for the Hakluyt Society.

as they say, "anybody's guess." To my thinking, an Admiral certainly, a Peer probably, a promoter of exploration, civilisation and the British Empire, most certainly. There is a coloured frontispiece portrait of him in this book: a very good picture by Dance. Some of the waistcoat buttons are undone, which looks like "improperly dressed on parade," but the artist probably arranged that for effect. The face is one of the noblest, strongest, yet most sensitive, with which I am acquainted. "I should like to serve under him," I thought to myself; and then remembered that he has been dead nearly 200 years.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 70 of this issue.



## THE BIRTH OF THE WEST GERMAN ARMED FORCES: VOLUNTEERS PARADE.



ONE OF THE FIRST BATCH OF VOLUNTEERS FOR THE WEST GERMAN NAVY AT WILHELMSHAVEN, IN HIS NEW UNIFORM.



BEING PHOTOGRAPHED IN THEIR NEW BRITISH-TYPE DENIMS: THREE OF THE FIRST VOLUNTEERS OF THE WEST GERMAN ARMY, IN BARRACKS AT ANDERNACH.



IN HIS NEW UNIFORM AND CARRYING THE ONLY TWO RIFLES IN THE BARRACKS: AN ARMY VOLUNTEER.



MEN OF THE FIRST BATCH OF VOLUNTEERS—SOME 150 STRONG—FOR THE NEW WEST GERMAN NAVY, ARRIVING IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES AT THE WILHELMSHAVEN DEPOT.



A GROUP OF OFFICERS OF THE NEW WEST GERMAN ARMY EMBARKING IN A LUFT-HANSA CONSTELLATION EN ROUTE FOR THE U.S. TO STUDY TRAINING METHODS.



THE GERMAN NAVY ON PARADE AGAIN: THE FIRST VOLUNTEERS FOR THE WEST GERMAN NAVY PARADED FOR INSPECTION AFTER RECEIVING UNIFORMS ON THEIR FIRST DAY.

On January 2 the first volunteers for the first six training companies of the West German armed forces reported for duty: some 500 for the Army at Andernach, in the Rhineland; about 100 for the new Luftwaffe at Norvenich, near Duren; and some 150 for the Navy at Wilhelmshaven. These were the first groups and others will follow periodically throughout the year. By the end of 1956 it was expected that West Germany would have 95,000 soldiers, organised as three motorised infantry divisions and the framework of three armoured divisions. The

intention is that these early volunteers will be trained as officers and n.c.o.'s and that the emphasis will be on training, not on drill; and that the members of the armed forces shall not be "men apart" but rather "citizens in uniform." First deliveries of light weapons and equipment for basic training were expected this month from U.S. sources, with tanks, aircraft, training vessels and heavy armaments arriving in due course. Specialised training is being provided by American instructors; and a number of German officers have already left for the U.S.



FOR the average man and woman, who find it hard to absorb all the events and, still more, to synthesise them, the record of the past year and the prospects for 1956 are bewildering in their complexity. The risk of putting the whole picture out of focus by undue stress on one element is greater than has been usual in the post-war age. This is to say a great deal. Let us start by reviewing briefly the more important events and then consider at more length the picture as a whole. If successful, we shall be translating details into a general view of the current of high politics and international strategy. We start with no high hopes of penetrating the future, but our survey will not have been wasted if it helps us to estimate the tendencies.

The events which have stuck most firmly in the public minds have been "the two Genevas." In the first, the waters of Léman provided a bath of sentiment and hope which swept over the world. In the second, those waters turned bitter. Perhaps the essence of the lesson to be learnt from the two is that the likelihood of a major war has been lessened; but that the war of ideologies is in no way diminished; indeed, that we are now in a phase when the red offensive has reached its height. In Europe the main battlefield is once more Germany. Soviet Russia has not made progress there but continues to fight dogmatically. If a united Germany suitable for Communisation cannot be achieved, then Germany must remain divided. This is only a defensive victory, but Russia's position in face of Western Europe has been greatly strengthened by the weakening of France, whose armed forces have been going down the drain in North Africa. As the importance of Western Germany has risen, that of France has declined.

The shift of Russian interest to the East has, however, continued and even been accentuated, though here, too, it has taken the form of ideological warfare rather than "Koreas." Indeed, what at one time in the earlier part of the year 1955 looked like providing an even more dangerous theatre of war than Korea, the Formosa Channel, has quietened down. China has, for the time being, even ceased to threaten the "offshore" islands. Bandung has illustrated the new solidarity, at least in sentiment, of the greater part of the vast population of Asia. S.E.A.T.O. by contrast looks, let it be confessed, a small affair, but it is one of considerable potentialities in a show-down. China is going ahead, but for the moment going ahead quietly. Her potentialities are enormous, but contemplation of her size and energy have led to underestimation of the difficulties which she has to overcome and of the time which the process will require.

The spotlight has temporarily slid off the Far East on to the belt running from Pakistan to Turkey, the Arab countries to the south of it, and those stretching across North Africa to the Atlantic. It is here that the heaving of forces and aspirations are to be seen at their most violent. In this sphere Britain and the United States have fathered the Baghdad Pact, with less than entirely successful results. Communism is certainly not the main force behind Arab unrest. That is represented by a combination of rising racialism and of fear and hatred of Israel. Yet there is in some cases a Communist yeast adding to the excitement, and Russia has contributed to its force by her new Arab policy, initiated by the offer of arms to Egypt. The formation of the Baghdad Pact was quiet and decorous, and though it obviously stands on brittle foundations, there is small justification for some of the criticism to which it has been subjected in this country. The invitation to Jordan to join it was natural, but it now looks as though this step had been taken without enough preliminary reconnaissance of the country's mood. It is too soon to despair of the policy. What must always be remembered is that most of what anti-British feeling exists in Jordan is based on dislike of Israel.

The most sensational political event of last year was undoubtedly the tour of Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev. It was a very bold cold-war offensive and its importance cannot be denied. The evidence about the extent of its success is, however, conflicting. It is also uncertain whether the effects of the direct contact between that very formidable demagogue, Mr. Khrushchev, and the Asian masses will be permanent, or, if so, in what degree. What is clear is that we have seen the emergence of a dynamic force, with special appeal to the ignorant, the hungry, and the depressed, who are also themselves a great force in the world of to-day.

To turn now to our synthesis, we find ourselves in a phase in which the conflict of world ideals is likely to be expressed in terms of ideals rather than with arms,

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### HIGH POLITICS AND GRAND STRATEGY IN 1956.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

including atomic bombs. The printing press, the radio, the international visit, the loan and the gift, the promise of aid in industrial development from the great nations, all the old methods of propaganda and a number of new ones, represent the weapons of this phase. The more acute publicists of the West—and there are many of great ability—have recognised this tendency and are expressing concern because the Governments of the United Kingdom and the United States do not appear to have caught up with all the implications. These unofficial but powerful mentors are trying to teach politicians and people to divorce their minds from purely military concepts of the struggle and transfer them to the kind of warfare which is now being waged.

The thesis is sound up to a point, but it may prove a highly dangerous one unless it is handled so that the whole background may be understood. This has not

recognise the truth of this statement when it is put before him is a simpleton. If we are wise, we must resign ourselves to the prospect of arms being our background for some time to come and, at best, of getting rid of them only step by step at a slow pace. If this is so, it is absurd to pretend that we can afford to discontinue the aims and conduct of military strategy and the use of arms.

Again, while it cannot be denied that the Russians are giving evidence of tremendous vitality and patience combined, in what they are doing and in what they are refraining from doing, it is possible to exaggerate their power to increase their effort. Russia is in a position to do a great deal more than encourage and inspire Asia; she can also afford material aid to develop and strengthen it. But the belief implicit in much recent commentary that she had transformed China into a replica of herself on a vastly greater scale is an obvious fallacy. If the means existed, the desire would be absent. It cannot be imagined that Russia desires to see China more powerful than herself. There is no reason to suppose that the latent dislike of Russia observed in the former revolutionary Chinese phase, which began in 1911, has wholly disappeared. Russia may be taking some risk in doing too much, but even if she wanted to she could not do all that the credulous foresee.

The same thing, of course, applies to schemes for aiding other Asian countries. Russia is engaged in projects of vast expansion, but the gaps and shortages in her internal economy are still enormous and the extent to which she can export the products and the "know-how" must be limited. I am not underrating the effectiveness or the imaginative quality of her policy. I am not asserting that it does not embody danger for the free world. Still less am I pretending that Mr. Khrushchev and his colleagues have not displayed more skill in propaganda than the statesmen of the West. I am merely appealing for a sense of proportion based upon such facts and sound assumptions as we can muster, rather than upon the airy flights of fancy with which we have been entertained. I am of opinion that Russia will proceed with her policy of "Khrushchev Aid," but that she will carry it out relatively on the cheap.

As I said at the start of this article, the effects of the great tour cannot yet be clearly estimated. It may be followed by some disillusionment. But—a hideous thought for our groaning taxpayers—economic aid in the form most suitable to the area is, for the time being, likely to prove a more welcome form of approach than defence pacts pure and simple, though the combination of the two will not be despised. At least economic aid, even when there is no interest paid on the capital, represents an addition to the world's prosperity, in which the donor may hope to share in some degree. Such policy should be worked out carefully and well in advance of its application. It loses half its appeal and is taken as a sign of panic if an offer is made in a hurry, and obviously as a reply to one made by the other side.

We ought not to let ourselves become rattled or discouraged too easily. Here is a tendency which threatens to succeed the mood of complacency of a few years back. This is a long and a tough struggle. We have some remarkable triumphs, such as the breaking of the Berlin blockade, and the Paris Agreements, to our credit. Communism also has scored some good points. Yet so far neither has gained such advantages as would afford an indication of which side is likely to do the better. We started with a crippling handicap because our people believed the Russians to be friends at a time when they were seeking to destroy us. They cheated us again for a time over the first Geneva Conference, but a trick like that rarely succeeds on the second occasion as well as on the first.

At the beginning of 1955 the prospects of freedom from a major war appeared to have improved. At the beginning of 1956 they seem to have made a further improvement. I am not speaking of eternal peace, which is something never to be guaranteed in this stage of the world's history any more than it has been in the past, but of peace in terms of decades.

Strangely enough, arms may have become the essential fabric of the forum where the affairs of the world are debated. It is an uncomfortable phase, but less trying than that which preceded it. It may prove a long one. It calls for nerve as well as for skill and endurance. We have the final goal of making the Russians see and understand that we feel no ill will towards them, but that we are determined to abandon neither our way of life nor our legitimate interests. Only if they arrive at such an understanding can peace be assured.

### A MOVING EXAMPLE OF INTERNATIONAL GOODWILL.



THE MEDIEVAL STEINTOR OF GOCH, IN WESTERN GERMANY, IN WHICH THE ARCHIVES ROOM HAS BEEN DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF AN ENGLISH OFFICER, THE LATE MAJOR R. E. BALFOUR, K.R.R.C., WHO SAVED THE TOWN'S ARCHIVES DURING THE FIGHTING OF THE SPRING OF 1945. On March 10, 1945, Major R. E. Balfour, a Fellow of King's College and a Cambridge University lecturer, commissioned in the King's Royal Rifle Corps, was serving as a Monuments Fine Arts and Archives Specialist Officer attached to the First Canadian Army, when he was killed in action at Cleve as he was carrying two sculptured altar-pieces to safety out of the fourteenth-century Stifts-Kirche, while this was under shell and mortar fire. During the preceding weeks, whilst the battle of the Reichswald Forest was in progress, he had successfully rescued from damaged churches numerous statues, carvings and paintings, which he stored, on his own initiative, with the contents of bombed-out local museums, in whatever buildings afforded the best protection. With his own hands he salvaged from amidst the rubble of destroyed buildings the archives of several towns, including those of Goch, Cleve, Cranenburg and Xanten. In the summer of 1955, the Municipal authorities of Goch, who had just constructed an archives room in the famous 600-year-old Steintor, remembered Major Balfour with gratitude and dedicated this room to his memory, hanging his photograph there and inscribing it "Ehre seinem Andenken!" ("All honour to his memory"). This manifestation of goodwill is particularly striking when it is remembered that Goch was practically annihilated in February of 1945 by an air-raid and was later the scene of much bitter fighting.

always been the case. The war is being fought in the ideological sphere only because the military arms are in the background, and certain of them are so powerful that their unrestricted use might virtually involve the destruction of mankind. If we were to let our arms rust or abandon them, as sentimentalism urges, there would still indeed be no shooting war—but only because Communism would still have need of none. It would then be in a position to issue its orders, and these would have to be obeyed. Anyone who does not



# PROCLAIMING THE BIRTH OF A NATION: BRITISH, EGYPTIAN AND SUDANESE DIGNITARIES AT CEREMONIES IN KHARTOUM.



DELIVERING TO THE SUDANESE PRIME MINISTER, ISMAIL EL-AZHARI, BRITAIN'S LETTER RECOGNISING THE NEW SOVEREIGN STATE: MR. DODDS-PARKER, FOREIGN UNDER-SECRETARY (RIGHT), WATCHED BY THE EGYPTIAN REPRESENTATIVE (CENTRE).

ON December 19 the Sudan House of Representatives in Khartoum voted unanimously for a declaration that Sudan should become a fully independent sovereign state, and requested the two condominium powers—Britain and Egypt—to recognise this declaration forthwith. Recognition was immediately accorded, and both Britain and Egypt welcomed the emergence of the new Sudanese state. Independence Day was January 1, when the two Houses of the Sudanese Parliament met to receive the official letters of recognition and to swear in the five members of the

[Continued below.]



HOISTING THE FLAG OF THE NEW SUDANESE STATE: THE PRIME MINISTER, ISMAIL EL-AZHARI (IN THE FOREGROUND), AND THE OPPOSITION LEADER (IN BLACK SUIT).



PRESENTING THE UNION FLAG TO MR. DODDS-PARKER (LEFT) AFTER IT HAD BEEN LOWERED ON SUDAN'S INDEPENDENCE DAY: ISMAIL EL-AZHARI (IN CENTRE FOREGROUND).



THE UNION FLAG AND THE EGYPTIAN FLAG ARE LOWERED AS SUDAN'S TRICOLOUR (IN THE FOREGROUND) ASCENDS.



PRESENTING THE EGYPTIAN FLAG TO MIRALAI ABDEL FATTAH HUSSEIN, THE EGYPTIAN REPRESENTATIVE, WATCHED BY AN APPRECIATIVE GATHERING: ISMAIL EL-AZHARI (RIGHT).



WATCHING THE HOISTING OF THE SUDANESE FLAG: SAYED EL MAHDI, LEADER OF ONE OF THE RELIGIOUS GROUPS IN THE SUDAN PARLIAMENT.

[Continued.]

Supreme Commission, who afterwards led a procession to the Palace—formerly the residence of the Governor-General. Here, the Sudan's tricolour flag of blue, yellow and green was hoisted, and the Union flag and the green flag of Egypt were lowered for the last time and handed by the Prime Minister, Ismail el-Azhari, to the representatives of the two countries which have jointly ruled the Sudan since 1898.



THE NEWLY-ELECTED SUPREME COMMISSION OF THE SUDAN (L. TO R.): SAYED SIRICIO IRO, SAYED ABDEL FATTAH EL MOGHRABI, SAYED DARDIRI MOHAMED OSMAN, SAYED AHMED MOHAMED YASSIN, AND SAYED AHMED MOHAMED SALEH.

The ceremony was watched by some 2000 official guests, to whom the Sudanese Prime Minister said: "Our people were determined to achieve their independence; they are now even more determined to maintain it." Independence celebrations were held in many parts of the Sudan; the Queen, Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary, sent messages of congratulation and good wishes.





### IF A LONDONER HAD EXISTED FIFTY MILLION YEARS AGO, THIS IS WHAT HE WOULD

The average Londoner, busily occupied with his daily round, probably finds in the present and the future quite enough to occupy his thoughts. Our artist has, however, turned back the clock to a period 49,500,000 years before the emergence of European man so that we can pause with him for a moment to look at the flora and fauna which were, at that time, thriving on the London clay in which the world's greatest city now stands. The London clay is one of the lower deposits of the Eocene geological period, part of the dawn of a new—the Tertiary—era of life. It was the harbinger of a new flora and fauna, but it has also other claims to fame and gratitude. The

stiff and unwelcome substance of the London suburban garden forms a giant cushion, often 100 ft. thick or more, under the London basin. Because of its impermeability it helps to restrain the rising waters of the underlying chalk, and so maintains a reservoir that has long been tapped by London wells, and this clayey cushion has yielded to the burrowing engineer the system of tunnels which has made the London Underground the envy of the world. There are, of course, problems for the man who builds his house on clay, but these have been ably solved by the civil engineers and geologists. Not all of the London clay retains its fossils, but rich finds, especially

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER.



### HAVE SEEN: SOME OF THE FLORA AND FAUNA WHICH THRIVED ON THE LONDON CLAY.

from the Isle of Sheppey, reveal the picture of the past. The climate of the times appears to have been that which is now characteristic of the tropical rain forest of New Guinea and Malaya, with Nipa and Sabal palms, laurel and acacia. The age of Reptiles was gone, the chelonians and snakes, and even the long-snouted crocodiles, were poor remnants of that world of legendary giants. But the new mammals did their best to fill the void with the lumbering *Coryphodon* (left foreground), as large as a hippopotamus and with five-toed elephantine feet. On the right is a troop of primitive ungulates, very different in appearance from their modern descendants.

WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. W. E. SWINTON.

The birds are well represented. *Odontopteryx*, resembling a large gannet, can be seen, standing in the foreground, and also on the water, while *Argillornis* is on the wing. *Dasornis*, an ostrich-like bird, is in the middle distance. Perhaps the shape of things to come is best seen in the opossum and lemurine remains, here reconstructed in the trees to left and right. Fifty million years ago, when the lapping waters laid the muds of the clay, the City of London was not even a dream. Now the picture is reversed and Londoners daily traverse a land whose past is as insubstantial as the mirage of London which our artist has placed among the clouds of the Eocene.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

WHAT a succession of landmark dates and festivals the last few weeks have provided! The passing of the Shortest Day, Christmas Day, Boxing Day, and lastly,

New Year's Day. The passing of the shortest day should surely be marked by some sort of festival celebrations instead of remaining an abstraction rather like crossing the Equator. Here the passing of the shortest day—or, if you prefer it, the longest night—was marked, in the garden, by the welcome eruption of hundreds of the whitish-pointed, inch-high shoots of *Iris histrioides major* which will burst out any time during the next few weeks with their splendid blossoms of intense blue like exceptionally brilliant Spanish irises, no more than 3 or 4 ins. high.

Having survived the traditional Christmas Ordeal-by-Turkey-and-all-that with our customary fortitude, we passed on to a wholly delightful Boxing Day. A brace of Christmas guests, old friends, suggested that the four of us should wander off in their car, without any fixed route. Without benefit of map, we would travel as slowly as the lovely Cotswold country demands, following any general direction and taking any turning that took our fancy. Our only fixed plan was that we would "lunch somewhere." We called at one wayside inn of which we had heard good accounts. As a place at which to have something for the good of the house it was adequate, but as "somewhere for lunch"—no. Far too many horse-brasses, copper warming-pans, bogus blunderbusses and suchlike olde worlde properties on the walls. The number of horse-brasses about such places is usually a pretty sure sign to judge by. Too many horse-brasses usually spell triangles of processed, silver-papered cheese, paper "serviettes" and—well, you know the sort of thing. So we ambled on to Burford, where, at The Baytree, the Christmas decorations were charming, the lunch supremely good, and the service a joy.

Then more leisurely Cotswold exploration, in the course of which I noticed on a roadside stone wall what looked at a distance like a cloud of golden sunshine. It was a golden-leaved ivy, which, having reached the summit of its climb, had assumed the tree or bushy form that ivies are in the habit of adopting when there is nothing further for them to climb. At that stage they simplify the shape of their leaves, and produce globular heads of greenish-yellow flowers in autumn, followed by drum-heads of black berries. The flowers are beloved of bees and bluebottles, who swarm on to them like butterflies on buddleia blossoms in late summer. Whether this gold-variegated ivy was a known, cultivated variety, deliberately planted there, or a casual sport or freak, I had no idea, but I took a few cuttings which I hope to strike and grow on into small bushy specimens in pots for winter use in the house.

If one could have such specimens with a crop of heads of black berries contrasting with the sunny golden foliage, they would be delightful—to those who do not look upon all gold-variegated leaves as ugly and diseased. Personally, I keep an open mind about gold—or silver—variegation. I like holly with gold-variegated leaves just as I like holly with yellow berries, and realise that both are caused by much

## IN THE DARK DAYS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.



THE YELLOW-FRUITED HOLLY, WHICH HAS THE SAME CHEERFUL WINTER EFFECT AS THE GOLDEN- AND SILVER-LEAFED HOLLIES AND IVIES.

Photograph by A. Harold Bastin

the same disease—if you like to call it that; and as for a golden privet hedge, the drearier the slum street it grows in, the more grateful I am for its cheerful gleam.

On the other hand, I once saw a great, bean-shaped bed filled with golden privets all clipped into neat puddings. It had been "landscaped" there by an ambitious head gardener amid splendid parkland trees near the banks of the loveliest trout stream in all Hertfordshire. It may have been an appropriate tribute to the super-gold-standard owner, but it was an unfortunate example of the sort of misuse that has brought all gold-variegation into disrepute.

There was one other happening on that leisurely Cotswold expedition. We stopped for a wistful look at a favourite stretch of trout stream. Not a fish was stirring, and not a sign was there, of course, of the kingcups, cowslips, ladies' smock, marsh orchids and marsh valerians that make the place so enchanting when the trouts are really trying. At one spot a few yards back from the stream there is an ancient lichened apple tree. I told my companion that I had never seen any apples on the old veteran, but on the other hand its upper branches and twigs must fairly bristle with trout flies—mine and other anglers'. We peered up, and there, sure enough, my friend spotted a fly fluttering on a foot or so of entangled gut cast high among the topmost branches. Up he went, and after some dramatic Tarzan climbing he brought down the fly, "compleat," as an angler might say, with a nice length of perfectly sound cast. It was not one of my flies. But it is now. It looks like a

small Black Pennell. The hook is slightly rusty and the feathers look a little tatty and weather-beaten. But I have found that old trout flies almost on their last legs—or wings—are often the most deadly. I am keeping my Boxing Day Christmas box fly for the opening day of the trouting season, and shall start the year's campaign with it with special and almost superstitious interest.

Three summers ago, in marsh ground not 50 yards from the old fly-trap apple tree, I came upon what I took to be an exceptionally fine, well-grown marsh orchis (*Orchis latifolia*), of which there were great quantities of normal specimens near by.

I must confess to doing what, in theory, at any rate, was a very naughty thing. I dug it up, with an ample divot of freehold property about its roots, and planted it in my garden. I put it near a small colony of that splendid hardy terrestrial orchis of North Africa, *Orchis elata*, and there it has settled in and flowered, just as it did in the wild. In fact, if anything, it has been taller and finer in the garden than it was in the wild state. Last summer it flowered magnificently, and was even a trifle taller than its North African neighbour, and whilst it was at its best, a botanist friend, with a great knowledge of wild British orchids, identified it without hesitation as the rare leopard marsh orchid, which has recently been considered a distinct species, and officially named *Orchis pardalina*. My hope is that my specimen will increase by means of offset side tubers, and eventually enable me to divide the roots, and establish a goodly colony of this handsome native species.



"WITH THEIR SPLENDID BLOSSOMS OF INTENSE BLUE LIKE EXCEPTIONALLY BRILLIANT SPANISH IRISES, NO MORE THAN 3 OR 4 INS. HIGH": *IRIS HISTRIOIDES MAJOR*, WHICH PUSHES ITS WHITISH-POINTED SHOOTS THROUGH THE SOIL SOMEWHERE ABOUT THE SHORTEST DAY.

Photograph by J. E. Downward.

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# MUDHIFS AND SARIFAS: THE AGE-OLD REED ARCHITECTURE OF SOUTH IRAQ.



THE BASIS OF ALL THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE MARSH ARABS OF SOUTHERN IRAQ: THE GIANT REED (*PHRAGMITES COMMUNIS*) GROWING TO A HEIGHT OF 20 FT.



REED-HOUSES, INHABITED BY RICE CULTIVATORS ON THE CHAHLA, A BRANCH OF THE TIGRIS NEAR ITS ENTRY TO THE MARSHES. FROM THESE HOUSES THE *MUDHIFS* EVOLVED.



A SIMPLE TYPE OF REED-HOUSE BEING BUILT ON AN ISLAND IN THE MARSHES. THE ARCHES ARE LATER COVERED WITH MATS WOVEN FROM SPLIT REEDS. SEE BACKGROUND.



THE INTERIOR OF A FINE *MUDHIP* IN CONSTRUCTION. IN THE BACKGROUND CAN BE SEEN THE ORIGINAL SCAFFOLDING OF PALM TRUNKS; IN THE FOREGROUND ARE BUNDLES OF *PHRAGMITES COMMUNIS*, THE RAW MATERIAL OF THE BUILDING.



A *SARIFA*, ANOTHER TYPE OF REED BUILDING USED IN SOUTHERN IRAQ, DURING CONSTRUCTION. THIS BUILDING WILL HAVE A ROOF BEAM, PROBABLY A PALM TRUNK.

In our issue of February 19, 1955, we published a number of photographs by Mr. Wilfrid Thesiger, D.S.O., of the Ma'dan, or Marsh Arabs, of Southern Iraq, including some of the large guest-houses which their sheikhs build from giant reeds. These are remarkable buildings from both the architectural and historical points of view, and we are glad to take this opportunity of reproducing further photographs by Mr. Thesiger, with his explanatory notes. The *mudhifs* shown on this and the following pages are to be found in Southern Iraq along the lower Tigris and Euphrates and along the Shat Al Arab. They illustrate a type of architecture which has been evolved from the simplest form of reed hut but which has now



A *SARIFA* NEARING COMPLETION, AND SHOWING THE GABLE ENDS. THESE BUILDINGS ARE USED BY SMALL MERCHANTS AS SHOPS, OR BY SHEIKHS AS PRIVATE GUEST-HOUSES.

attained a striking beauty of its own, curiously reminiscent of some of our own architecture. These *mudhifs* are associated with the old tribal way of life, with an open-handed hospitality and a free and easy communal life. There are great changes taking place in Iraq to-day and the old customs and manners of life are fast disappearing. It seems possible, too, that the immense schemes already in hand for drainage, flood control and irrigation, which oil-prosperity has made possible, will eventually so diminish the great marshes as to change the way of life of the Marsh Arabs; and so these striking and beautiful buildings will be replaced by the more conventional brick houses of to-day, ugly both inside and out.





THE UNIQUE AND BEAUTIFUL ARCHITECTURE WHICH THE "SIR CHRISTOPHER WRENS" OF THE MESOPOTAMIAN MARSHES HAVE EVOLVED OVER MANY HUNDREDS OF YEARS: A BARREL-VAULTED MUDHIF, OR COMMUNAL GUEST-HALL, BUILT ENTIRELY OF GIANT REEDS BESIDE THE MARSHES OF THE LOWER EUPHRATES.

Architecture is classically, or traditionally, supposed to have derived from the reed-hut—a proposition not always easy to accept, but rendered considerably more acceptable by the photographs taken by Mr. Wilfrid Thesiger, D.S.O., and reproduced here and on pages 53 and 56-57. These photographs were taken in Southern Iraq, in the marshlands of Mesopotamia, beside the cradle of the world's civilisations; and the reed buildings they show are believed to have altered little since Sumerian times; and while the *sarraf* shadow forth the *mudhif*, and indeed,

the basic dwelling-house, the *mudhifs* reveal the barrel-vault, the Romanesque arch, and so, logically, the dome—even, in one case shown, the onion dome. These spacious and beautiful *mudhifs* are evolved from the simple reed hut of the marsh-dwellers. Inside the marshes the houses are usually constructed on a sodden pile of reeds heaped in the water and resembling a giant dabchick's nest. In these conditions nothing large or elaborate is possible; and the marsh-dwellers themselves are poor and primitive. The extraordinary building shown above is,

however, built on exactly the same principle as the marshmen's huts. Pairs of giant bundles of reeds are planted in the ground, sloping obliquely outwards. The tops are drawn together and spliced into each other to form a horseshoe arch, whose shape is determined by the angle of slope and the elasticity of the reeds. A series of such arches is built, linked with cross-bars of reed bundles and then "clad" with a number of mats made from split reeds. This *mudhif* was built by the sheikh of one of the cultivating tribes in the palm groves along the lower

Euphrates below Suk Al Shiyukh. These *mudhifs* vary slightly from tribe to tribe, each tribe building according to its own traditional style. The finest *mudhifs* are to be found on the lower Euphrates, and the individual buildings last about twenty years. They are constructed entirely of the giant reed (*Phragmites communis*) which will grow only in areas of permanent marsh; and if and when the marshes of Southern Iraq are drained, this unique, beautiful and age-old type of architecture will inevitably disappear.





A FINE AND TYPICAL MUDHIF, OR REED-BUILT GUEST-HOUSE OF THE MESOPOTAMIAN MARSHES. IT BELONGS TO THE SHEIKH OF THE AL JUAIAR TRIBE ON THE LOWER EUPHRATES



THE EXTERIOR OF ANOTHER MUDHIF ON THE LOWER EUPHRATES, SHOWING THE MATS, WHICH MAKE A THREE- OR FOUR-FOLD ROOF, WATERPROOF DURING EVEN THE HEAVIEST RAIN

THE "CATHEDRAL-LIKE" TRIBAL GUEST-HOUSES OF SOUTHERN IRAQ: UNIQUE REED-BUILT MUDHIFS

These extraordinary mudhifs, or reed-built guest-houses, were photographed by Mr. Wilfrid Thesiger, D.S.O., and are reproduced here and on pages 53 and 54-55. They are of the greatest interest, architecturally, archeologically, in as much as they derive directly from the earliest known form of dwelling-houses, and sociologically since the way of life of which they are the core is likely to disappear.

As buildings even they may not survive for long, since if the Mesopotamian marshes are successfully drained (as at present seems likely) their sole raw material, the giant reed, will inevitably disappear. The mudhif is the property of the sheikh or some rich or hospitable member of the tribe. There are often several mudhifs quite close together in the same village. These mudhifs are the centres of village life



A "GUILDHALL OF REEDS": THE INTERIOR OF A MUDHIF, SHOWING THE "ROMANESQUE" VAULT. IN THE CENTRE, THE COFFEE HEARTH, WITH HUGE COFFEE POTS BESIDE IT.



THE SHAPE OF THE ARCHES OF THE MUDHIFS VARIES CONSIDERABLY—SEE THE TOP PHOTOGRAPH. THIS SEVENTEEN-ARCHED MUDHIF WAS 68 FT. LONG, 17 FT. WIDE AND 15 FT. HIGH.

OF THE SHEIKHS OF THE LOWER EUPHRATES, WHICH HAVE EVOLVED FROM SUMERIAN PROTOTYPES.

and take the place of the inn, the village hall and the local public-house in our own villages—with the important difference that everything is "on the house." Any stranger or traveller can enter a mudhif and he will be treated as a guest and fed and given bedding for the night during his stay. The very idea of a mudhif or guest-house among these people implies that it is open to anyone who cares to

enter it and that the hospitality extended to him is free. The inside of one of these mudhifs conveys a feeling of great space so that one has the curious feeling of being inside a cathedral and the effect is enhanced by the heavy-ribbed vaulting and the trellis-covered windows. The sole furnishings of these buildings are the coffee-hearth, the water-jug and carpets as required.



# ANGLO-JEWISH ART AND HISTORY: A TERCENTENARY EXHIBITION AT THE V. & A.



"THE JEWISH PEDLAR'S WIFE"; A DERBY WARE FIGURE OF ABOUT 1760 WHICH IS TO BE SEEN AT THE "ANGLO-JEWISH ART AND HISTORY EXHIBITION" AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. (Lent by the National Art-Collections Fund [Lady Ludlow Collection].)



ONE OF THE SILVER DISHES ONCE PRESENTED ANNUALLY BY THE BEVIS MARKS CONGREGATION TO THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON: A "LORD MAYOR'S DISH" MADE BY JOHN RUSLEN IN 1710. IN THE CENTRE IS THE BADGE OF THE BEVIS MARKS CONGREGATION. (Lent by the Earl of Ancaster.)



A CHELSEA FIGURE IN SOFT PASTE OF A JEWISH PEDLAR HOLDING HIS BOX OF WARES, MADE IN 1754-58. THIS EXHIBITION MARKS THE TERCENTENARY OF THE RESETTLEMENT OF THE JEWS IN THE BRITISH ISLES. (Lent by Charles Clore, Esq.)



A MANTLE FOR THE SCROLL OF THE LAW: PROBABLY DUTCH OF THE EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY AND ONE OF A NUMBER OF PIECES CONNECTED WITH THE RITUAL OF THE SYNAGOGUE. (Lent by Alan A. Mocatta, Esq., Q.C.)



"THE BODLEIAN BOWL." THIS THIRTEENTH-CENTURY BRONZE BOWL, WITH A BAND INSCRIBED IN RHYMING HEBREW VERSE, WAS FOUND BY A FISHERMAN IN A BROOK IN SUFFOLK IN ABOUT 1696. (Lent by the Bodleian Library and the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.)



THE LAST OF THE ANNUAL PROPITIATORY PRESENTS WHICH THE MANSION HOUSE RECEIVED FROM THE BEVIS MARKS CONGREGATION: A LORD MAYOR'S SILVER CUP WHICH WAS PRESENTED IN 1778. (Lent by the Jewish Museum.)



"BARON LIONEL DE ROTHSCHILD INTRODUCED INTO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS," PAINTED IN 1858 BY H. BARRAUD. (Oil on canvas; 32 by 50 ins.) (Lent by Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Sons.)



"NATHAN MEYER ROTHSCHILD AND HIS FAMILY"; PAINTED BY W. A. HOBDAV IN ABOUT 1821. (Oil on canvas; 120 by 138 ins.) (Lent by N. M. Rothschild and Sons.)

This year marks the tercentenary of the resettlement of the Jews in the British Isles, and the event is being commemorated by an important loan exhibition of Anglo-Jewish art and history at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The Jews were expelled from England by Edward I in 1290, and the first section of the exhibition is concerned with their activities in England before this date. From this period we illustrate the Bodleian Bowl. In 1655 the Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell, convened a conference at Whitehall to consider the readmission of the Jews, and in the following year Cromwell gave permission for their resettlement. The medal struck to commemorate this tercentenary has been designed by Paul Vincze, and carries a portrait of Cromwell and of Menasseh Ben Israel, a leading Rabbi of Amsterdam, who championed the cause of the Jews before Cromwell. The remainder of this crowded exhibition—there are some 800 exhibits—tells the

story of the various Jewish communities after the resettlement and of their long struggle for complete acceptance. The painting of Baron Lionel de Rothschild being introduced into the House of Commons, which is reproduced above, marks an important event in this story. Rothschild was elected M.P. for the City in 1847, but declined to take the requisite oath on religious grounds. Only after being re-elected for a fourth time in 1858 was he allowed to take his seat, having taken an amended oath. It is interesting to note that Benjamin Disraeli (later the Earl of Beaconsfield) is shown on the extreme right of the picture. Having been baptised at birth, he was able to follow a normal Parliamentary career, despite his Jewish antecedents. The other painting reproduced above shows the family of N. M. Rothschild, who was the first member of his family to settle in England, in 1798. The exhibition remains on view until February 29.



"MODERN ART IN THE UNITED STATES": NOW ON SHOW AT THE TATE GALLERY.



"CRAB," 1951; BY DAVID HARE, WHO WAS BORN IN NEW YORK IN 1917. THIS SCULPTURE IN WELDED BRONZE IS TO BE SEEN IN THE EXHIBITION "MODERN ART IN THE UNITED STATES" AT THE TATE GALLERY. (Height, 23½ ins.)



"WOMAN, I.," 1950-52; BY WILLEM DE KOONING, WHO CAME TO THE U.S.A. FROM HOLLAND IN 1926: ONE OF THE SCHOOL OF ABSTRACT ARTISTS. (Oil on canvas; 75½ by 58 ins.)



"WHALE," 1937; BY ALEXANDER CALDER. THIS STABILE IS MADE OF SHEET STEEL. THE EXHIBITS AT THE TATE GALLERY ARE SELECTED FROM THE COLLECTIONS OF THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK. (Height, 6 ft. 6 ins.)



"THE ROPE DANCER ACCOMPANIES HERSELF WITH HER SHADOWS," 1916; BY MAN RAY, WHO IS ONE OF THE "OLDER GENERATION OF MODERNS." (Oil on canvas; 52 by 73½ ins.)



"PORTRAIT OF JACKSON POLLOCK," 1949; BY HERBERT FERBER, WHO IS ONE OF A GROUP OF SCULPTORS WORKING DIRECTLY IN METAL. (Lead; Height, 17½ ins., length, 30 ins.)



"THE STEAMER ODIN, II.," 1927; BY LYONEL FEININGER, WHO WAS BORN IN 1871 AND ALSO BELONGS TO THE "OLDER GENERATION OF MODERNS." (Oil on canvas; 26½ by 39½ ins.)



"HOPSCOTCH," 1940; BY LOREN MACIVER, WHO IS ONE OF THE "ROMANTIC PAINTERS." THE EXHIBITION REMAINS OPEN UNTIL FEBRUARY 12. (Oil on canvas; 27 by 35½ ins.)

The exhibition "Modern Art in the United States" at the Tate Gallery has been organised by the Tate Gallery and the Arts Council. It is composed of a selection of paintings, sculpture and prints from the Museum of Modern Art in New York. As the first major exhibition devoted to twentieth-century American art to be shown in this country, it gives a valuable opportunity to study the artistic trends now current in the United States. The pieces illustrated on this page have been selected to show some of these trends. Though not greatly different to similar

aspects of modern art in England and on the Continent, which are not often shown on these pages, this exhibition of American art is being illustrated because it is an especially important event in this winter's London art programme. The exhibition also includes more traditional works by artists such as Maurice Prendergast, who died in 1924, Charles Burchfield and Edward Hopper. One gallery is devoted to Prints, and amply shows that the art of printmaking is especially strong in the United States to-day.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. FURNITURE À LA MODE.

By FRANK DAVIS.

The mode lasted from about 1740 until well into the 1760's, for Chippendale's third edition of his "Director," published in 1762, continues to advertise designs of this type.

The second excursion away from the normal was *Chinoiserie* (which is a polite word for Bogus Chinese), a fad which came over to England from France about 1750, and which flourished exceedingly in a climate already well prepared for it, for any amount of lacquer and porcelain had poured into the country during the previous three generations.

Our first enthusiast for Oriental porcelain?—Mary, daughter of James II, wife of William III, who filled her apartments at Hampton Court and Kensington with Chinese porcelain and blue and white pottery from Delft, in Holland, "piling the china-ware upon the tops of cabinets and scrutoires," says Daniel Defoe in his "A Tour through England and Wales," "and every chimney-piece to the tops of the ceilings . . . till it became a grievance." But while lacquering or "japanning" English

characteristic whimsies which are seen at their delicious best not in England, but in the fairyland paintings of Boucher across the Channel, and (as the catalogue notes) in the drawings of Jean Pillement.

None the less, our own experiments in this direction in the way of furniture are enchanting enough, if a trifle complicated and dust-catching to modern notions—I mean, such a joyous *tour de force* as this mirror (Fig. 1), with its pantomime Chinaman above it seated beneath an elaborate canopy, the pair of ornithological oddities on each side of him, and the intricate lattice work and scrolls and foliage and whatnot beneath; something as far removed from the modern way of life as it is possible to imagine, yet perhaps none the worse for that. See this and its brother (there are a pair of them) in the average modern flat, and the effect would no doubt be out of key. They are 76 ins. in height. But it is not difficult to visualise them in a room of the requisite proportions with other furniture of a like kind; they must be, then, magnificent as well as gay. There is no end to the variations possible with mirror frames; moreover, although I am well aware it is all nonsense, I can never look at a mirror of any age without thinking of all the men and women whose reflections have appeared in it throughout the years—what preenings, what patting of curls, what hopes and fears has it not seen! Sentimental rubbish, I hear you mutter; very well, let us pass on.

The prettiest in the exhibition (I regret no photograph is available) appears to me to be one lent by the Earl of Onslow, a chimney-piece mirror from Clandon Park of about 1775, with carved

and gilt frame with classical detail, at the top of which and part of it, is a gay little pastel by Daniel Gardner—two young men seated at a table playing chess, another looking on and, if my memory serves me, a Negro servant in the background. Another, of no less original a design, is the circular mirror of Fig. 3, of about 1750, the circle formed of oak leaves and the candle branches—which do not show on the photograph—repeating the same motif. I admit that I could easily spare the head of Apollo in the centre with the sun's rays issuing from it, a formal design which, to my mind, is by no means in keeping with the delicate, naturalistic carving of the outer frame. None the less, this is an interesting as well as



FIG. 1. ONE OF A PAIR OF MIRRORS IN CARVED AND GILT FRAMES (c. 1755-60), WHICH IS TO BE SEEN AT THE CURRENT ROYAL ACADEMY WINTER EXHIBITION, "ENGLISH TASTE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY." THE PIECES ILLUSTRATED HERE ARE DISCUSSED BY MR. DAVIS IN HIS ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE. (76 by 47 ins.) (Captain J. B. E. Radcliffe.)



FIG. 2. "AS UNLIKE ANY MEDIAEVAL CHAIR AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO IMAGINE": AN ARMCHAIR, IN THE GOTHIC TASTE, WHICH IS MADE OF SOFTWOOD, PAINTED GREEN AND GOLD. ONE OF A SET MADE IN ABOUT 1765, IT IS ALSO TO BE SEEN AT BURLINGTON HOUSE. (Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes.)



FIG. 3. A ROCOCO MIRROR IN A GILT CIRCULAR FRAME MADE IN ABOUT 1750, IN WHICH MR. DAVIS SEES "THE INFLUENCE OF A MUCH EARLIER GENERATION IN FRANCE." THIS EXHIBITION CONTINUES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY UNTIL FEBRUARY 26. (57 by 52 ins.) (Sir Charles Chute, Bt.)

TO those who are already familiar with the decoration and furniture of the past, the exhibition entitled "English Taste in the Eighteenth Century," which this winter is sharing Burlington House with the exhibition of Portuguese Art, will offer few surprises. All the expected things are there and displayed with so nicely adjusted a sense of balance that the eye is led almost imperceptibly from the ideals of one generation to those of another without being wholly aware that any very marked alteration has come about—until, in the last room, the climax of the whole, the elegancies of the age of Adam and the Neoclassicists emphasize the depth of the gulf separating these learned and charming fantasies from the solid robustness of, say, the furniture covered in green velvet made for Sir Robert Walpole at Houghton, presumably in the 1720's, and lent by the Marquess of Cholmondeley.

The average visitor will surely marvel both at the quality of the exhibits and at the beguiling way in which, interspersed with textiles and paintings, all of which have an essential part to play in the theme, they are presented to him; there never was a happier marriage between scholarship and public relations. The only danger—if you can call it a danger—is that some people might descend the stairs imagining that what they have seen is typical—entirely typical—of the standard of taste in the country as a whole, during the seventy-five years from about 1725 covered by the exhibition, whereas, in fact, they have been given the opportunity of looking in at the finest examples of craftsmanship which were at the time within the reach of a very small minority.

How sure of themselves these men and women were, always eager to experiment, and unhampered by our own intense interest in the past! Had they ever heard of it, they would have seen nothing odd in William III's plan for Hampton Court, which was not merely to employ Sir Christopher Wren to build that magnificent garden front, but to destroy the old Tudor building behind it. They were interested in to-day and to-morrow, not in yesterday. The marvel is that so much they thought old-fashioned has managed to survive. And yet, amid all this forward-looking carelessness, there were the oddest little nostalgic throw-backs to a wholly misunderstood mediaeval period, or fantastic excursions into fairyland. Of the first the most entertaining example is surely the chair of Fig. 2, which is in softwood, painted green and gold, as unlike any mediaeval chair as it is possible to imagine. As Mr. Ralph Edwards puts it in his introduction to the catalogue: "Sham mediaeval ornament was grafted on to a classic foundation in an audacious attempt to gratify the whim of a group of dilettanti by bringing the art of the Middle Ages up to date . . . wherever the structure allowed, as on chairs, rococo detail was banished, arcading crockets and finials being assembled to form a complete stylistic unity." A whole room—and most amusing it is—is devoted to the style.

furniture was common enough at the beginning of the eighteenth century and earlier, the *Chinoiserie* fashions of the 1750's were far more wildly romantic, and some of the designs printed in the furniture pattern books were too complicated to be practical. None the less, some dignified, and at the same time amusing, pieces were made, with pagoda-like crestings and lattice work, mixed up with C scrolls and the

beautiful piece, because—rightly or wrongly—I see in it the influence of a much earlier generation in France, for was it not the flattering fashion on many an object at Versailles to show *Le Roi Soleil* in just this manner? It would seem that Louis XIV, that glorious and not very pleasant potentate, lived on for quite a long time.



# "TRADITION IN SILVER": OFFICERS' MESS SILVER AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.



(LEFT.)  
SET OUT ON A TABLE AS IT WOULD NORMALLY BE DONE ON A GUEST NIGHT: SOME SILVER FROM THE OFFICERS' MESS OF THE ROYAL FUSILIERS (CITY OF LONDON REGIMENT). THIS IS TO BE SEEN AT THE EXHIBITION "TRADITION IN SILVER," AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.



(RIGHT.)  
THE CENTREPIECE OF THE 36TH REGIMENT (2ND BATTALION THE WORCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT), WHICH WAS PRESENTED TO THE MESS BY A NUMBER OF OFFICERS IN 1875. THE EXHIBITION HAS BEEN ARRANGED IN AID OF S.S.A.F.A., AND IS SET OUT IN THE DIPLOMA GALLERY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



SHOWING SGT. EWART CAPTURING THE FRENCH STANDARD AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO IN 1815: A CENTREPIECE BELONGING TO THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS (2ND DRAGOONS).



ADMIRING SOME OF THE EXHIBITS BELONGING TO THE ROYAL REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY: GENERAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER, THE C.I.G.S., WHO OPENED THE EXHIBITION.



THE LATHAM CENTREPIECE; LENT BY THE BUFFS (ROYAL EAST KENT REGIMENT), IT WAS STRUCK IN MEMORY OF THE ACTIONS FOUGHT BY THE BUFFS IN THE PENINSULAR WAR.



PRESENTED IN 1872 TO REPLACE THE SILVER LOST AT SEA WHILE CROSSING THE ATLANTIC: THE CENTREPIECE OF THE 1ST BN. THE BEDFORDSHIRE AND HERTFORDSHIRE REGIMENT.



THE ALBUHERA LOVING CUP WHICH COMMEMORATES THE BATTLE OF ALBUHERA FOUGHT ON MAY 16, 1811. IT BELONGS TO THE MIDDLESEX REGIMENT (DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE'S OWN).



ANOTHER IMPOSING CENTREPIECE: THE ZETLAND TROPHY WHICH WAS PRESENTED TO THE OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS (THE BLUES) BY THE EARL OF ZETLAND IN 1874.

An interesting exhibition, which is probably the first of its kind ever to be staged in London, was opened in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy at Burlington House by the C.I.G.S., General Sir Gerald Templer, on January 3. Entitled "Tradition in Silver," it shows a selection of silver lent by a large number of the officers' messes of the three Services. The exhibition has been arranged in aid of The Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association, and it remains open

until January 31. Outstanding among the very varied exhibits are the many imposing centrepieces, some of which are illustrated on this page. To each of these is attached an enthralling story, and the title of the exhibition, "Tradition in Silver," has been most aptly chosen. There are many pieces of more modern silver, including a series of handsome scale models of aircraft lent by the R.A.F., Odiham, and some fine pieces from the Northern Rhodesia Regiment.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

### THE ARTISTRY OF A JAY.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

WHEN the orphaned nestling jay was first brought to us last spring, he was little more than a naked, fleshy bag, with a long, scraggy neck and a gaping beak that solicited food. At that stage of his career food and sleep were the only requirements, and the only sound uttered was associated with the need for food. As he grew in size, and the feathers began to appear, there emerged something more of a personality, sufficient to stimulate his human guardians to give him a name. He was no longer "a jay," or even "the jay," but a personality revelling in the name of *Jasper*. It is no more than a passing observation that the emergence of his personality to its full fruition is symbolized in the development of the plumage. At first both personality and plumage were non-existent. Then both passed to the stage of being nondescript, and finally, as they settled into place, there was a recognisable orderliness. So far as the plumage is concerned, the orderliness is epitomised in the way the patch, on the side of the wings, of blue feathers with their black stripes, moved from disarray to a neat design.

In the early stages of growth, physical and psychological changes clearly depend on a changing internal biochemistry and owe little to the influence of the outside world. In due course, the environment begins to have its impact, in a way none the less tangible because it is almost impossible to describe in words. We can, however, exemplify the changes in personality of the jay by a single factor—the use of the voice. At the very first, the pangs of hunger produced nothing more than a readiness to throw the gaping mouth towards the heavens the moment the nest was touched. It was the usual response of a young bird to the parent returning to the nest with food. The time came when the gape was accompanied by an insistent and high-pitched squawking, and this continued, long after fledging, at the sight of food or the mere sight of someone carrying the food bowl. This squawking was obviously inherited. It had a physiological basis and it had a functional value.

After *Jasper* had started to feed himself he grew relatively silent. Almost the only sound we heard from him was the usual raucous and deeper squawk, a harsh, scolding cry, in moments of panic, discomfort and distress. The sight of a cat too near the aviary, for example, would call forth this typical jay squawk. There were times also when it appeared to be prompted by sheer *joie de vivre*. The things that had interested me most are, however, the sounds he makes which owe little to inheritance, and which, I would argue, justify the title of an art.

If we try to follow the sequence of events resulting in the high-pitched squawking of the nestling or the deeper squawk of the adult, we have something of the following. In the squawk generated by hunger we have the sight of food

operating through the eye, or a stomach reflex operating from within, setting in motion a train of nervous and muscular reactions. These control the outlet of air across the vocal chords, as these

variable vocal organs of birds may be briefly called, and also trim those chords appropriately, to produce a sound that is common to all young jays. In the harsher call of the adult, we have a stimulus received through the eye setting up a state of physiological disturbance the visible symptoms of which we describe as fear, alarm, or what you

therefore not learned but innate or inherited. The pattern of nervous and muscular response is there before hatching. The two processes are basically physiological, expressing an emotion of hunger, fear, or perhaps well-being. Finally, both are functional, except perhaps when the raucous call is indicative of well-being.

Now we pass to the time when we heard strange calls issuing from *Jasper's* aviary, sufficient to lure us out of the house to see what unusual visitor was there, only to find the jay mimicking some other bird. On one occasion he was making a call we could not identify. Then we suddenly realised it was the laugh peculiar to someone then visiting us regularly. He mimics perfectly a number of wild birds visiting the garden. He also mimics the guinea-pigs in a near-by pen. He also mimics my son imitating the call of the guinea-pigs, the call of the guinea-pigs and my son's imitation of it being quite distinguishable when *Jasper* copies them.

There is nothing new in all this, of course. Many birds have the ability to mimic, either sounds or actual human words. Parrots are the best known, but the practice is more widespread among birds than we normally imagine. The only reason why *Jasper's* efforts are given this prominence is because I have been able to observe him closely.

And it is from these observations that I feel justified in arguing the possession by birds of an artistic streak, however simple or rudimentary—that may be.

It is never easy to say precisely what we mean by an art. One definition which seems to have much to recommend it is that a craft is functional and an art is non-functional. A potter may spin a jar the purpose of which is wholly utilitarian. The shape may be pleasing, but that is secondary. The original purpose is utilitarian. If now he decorates the jar in any way, the decoration adds nothing to the usefulness of the jar. It is non-functional and in the decoration we see the beginning of an art, something pleasing to the senses of potter and purchaser.

I have emphasized the process by which the innate calls are produced because I now wish to compare with it the process of mimicking. If you stand in front of *Jasper's* aviary and whistle in a particular way, he gives you his attention and no more. When you depart he hops about as usual and then, some time later, you hear him copying this whistle perfectly. We cannot be sure, but it seems likely that any physiological aid to the production of this sound has been eliminated or at least reduced to a minimum, except for that embodied in the nervous system. One has the impression that the original sound of the whistling is received through the jay's ear, is registered as a hearing memory in the brain and later, through neuro-muscular control, is reproduced perfectly by the vocal chords. The process is very similar to that seen in a tape recorder, but with a significant difference.

A sound imprinted on a recording tape will be reproduced, when the appropriate mechanism is set in motion, whatever the circumstances. It is a purely mechanical reproduction. A bird will utter mimicking sounds only when it is in good health, when there are no disturbing influences around, and, in short, when it is feeling on top of its world. In other words, it will use these calls which it has learnt only when it is in a relaxed mood and enjoying life. To that extent it may be said to be using the calls for the sheer pleasure of doing so. This, it seems to me, is art in its simplest form.



(ABOVE.) JUST EMERGED FROM THE NEST: *JASPER* AS A YOUNG JAY WITH INCOMPLETE AND DISORDERLY PLUMAGE. THE DOMINANT FEATURE OF ITS BEHAVIOUR IS THE INSISTENT DEMAND FOR FOOD. ITS ONLY USE OF THE VOICE IS ASSOCIATED WITH THE NEED FOR FOOD.

Photograph by Jane Burton.

(RIGHT.) GROWING UP BUT STILL LIKE ANY OTHER YOUNG JAY: *JASPER'S* PLUMAGE IS MORE COMPLETE BUT STILL NOT ORDERLY. THE DEMAND FOR FOOD IS GROWING LESS AND THE VOCABULARY OF CALL, INHERITED FROM ITS ANCESTORS, ALL HAS A UTILITARIAN VALUE.

Photograph by Neave Parker.



IN SLEEK ORDERLY PLUMAGE: *JASPER*, NOW GROWN, IS A PERSONALITY WITH FEEDING REQUIREMENTS MORE READILY SATISFIED, LEAVING TIME FOR THE ENJOYMENT OF A FULLER LIFE, EVEN FOR THE PERFORMANCE OF NON-UTILITARIAN ACTIVITIES.

Photograph by Jane Burton.

common to all adult or sub-adult jays. These two processes have the following features in common. The sounds are made in the same way by all jays, whether the birds are brought up with their own kind or, like *Jasper*, reared in isolation. They are



PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:  
SOME PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



POSTHUMOUSLY AWARDED THE G.C.:  
PRIVATE H. W. MADDEN.

The George Cross has been posthumously awarded to an Australian, Private Horace Madden, for heroism while he was a prisoner of war in Korea. Private Madden, who was a signaller in the 3rd Bn., Royal Australian Regiment, died in a Communist prisoner-of-war camp in Korea in 1951. For more than six months he had gallantly withstood constant efforts to force him to collaborate.



BOMBING STRATEGIST: THE LATE AIR  
COMMODORE JAMES SILVESTER.

Air Commodore James Silvester, who died on Jan. 5, aged 57, had a distinguished career in the R.A.F. and was a specialist in bombing strategy. From 1941 to 1943 he was at Bomber Command, and his organisation work was mentioned 4 times in dispatches. He commanded the bomber base at Stradishall from 1943-46.



THE NEW ASTRONOMER ROYAL:  
DR. RICHARD WOOLLEY.

On January 1 Dr. Richard van der Riet Woolley, F.R.S., took over his duties as Astronomer Royal. Dr. Woolley, who is forty-nine, has been Commonwealth Astronomer since 1949. After a period as Chief Assistant at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, he was the John Couch Adams Astronomer at Cambridge from 1937-39.



ACTING AS SECRETARY OF THE T.G.W.U.:  
MR. FRANK COUSINS.

On December 30 Mr. Frank Cousins, Assistant General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, was appointed by the Executive to act as General Secretary until a successor to Mr. Tiffin, who died on December 27, is elected. Mr. Cousins, who is a candidate for the vacant post, is fifty-one. It is expected that the result of the election will be announced next May.



A NOTED GEOLOGIST:  
THE LATE SIR ARTHUR  
TRUEMAN.

Sir Arthur Trueman, who was president of the Geological Society from 1945-47, died on January 5, aged 61. He had a distinguished academic career, becoming Professor of Geology at Glasgow University in 1937. From 1943-54 he was chairman of the Geological Survey, and he was also chairman of the University Grants Committee from 1949 to 1953.



FINALISTS FOR THE PRESIDENT'S PUTTER: G. T. DUNCAN (LEFT),  
G. H. MICKLEM (RIGHT), AND THE PRESIDENT, LORD MORTON.  
The President's Putter was won at Rye, on January 8, by the Welsh International golfer, G. T. Duncan, aged twenty-six; it was his first appearance in this contest. He beat the other finalist, G. H. Micklem, at the nineteenth hole after a thrilling match played in bitterly cold weather.

LONG SERVICE TO  
ANIMALS: THE LATE  
MR. E. G. FAIRHOLME.  
Mr. Edward George Fairholme, who was chief secretary of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals from 1905 to 1933, died on January 6 at the age of eighty-three. After some years in publishing, Mr. Fairholme became chief secretary of the R.S.P.C.A. He was commissioned in the Royal Army Veterinary Corps in the First World War.



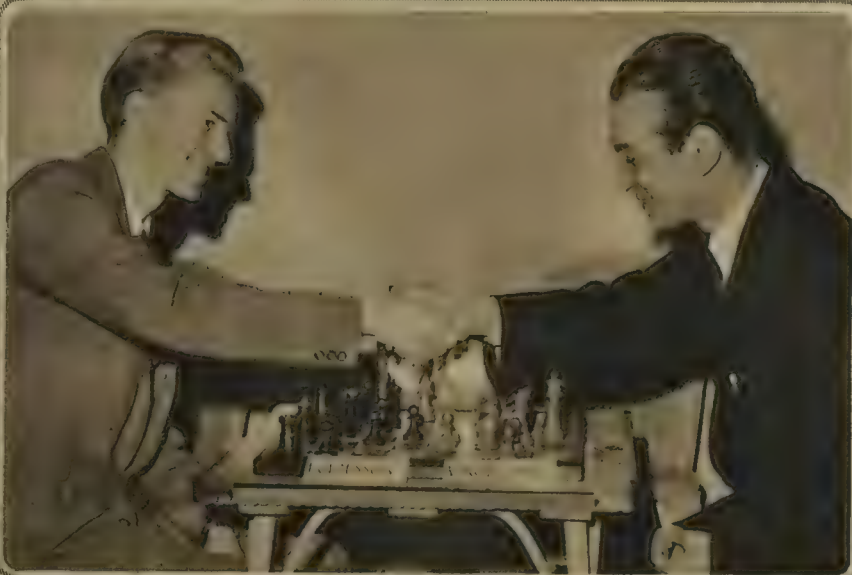
THEIR ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED: PRINCE  
RAINIER OF MONACO AND MISS GRACE KELLY.  
The engagement was announced on January 5 between Prince Rainier, the reigning sovereign of Monaco, and Miss Grace Kelly, the American film actress. The Prince is at present on a visit to the United States. He and Miss Kelly met when she was making a film on the French Riviera last March. The wedding will take place after Easter.



THIRD TERM AS PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC  
OF LIBERIA: MR. WILLIAM TUBMAN.  
On January 2, at a ceremony in Monrovia, Mr. William V. S. Tubman was installed for his third term as President of the Republic of Liberia. Mr. Tubman was first elected in 1943 and he has done much to ensure financial solvency for Liberia. The Republic was proclaimed in 1847, and its constitution is modelled on that of the United States.



A PARIS LEGEND AND MUSIC-HALL IDOL:  
MISTINGUETT, WHO DIED ON JANUARY 5.  
Mistinguett, who for over half a century was one of the major attractions of the Parisian cabaret and revue stage, died on January 5. Mistinguett, who was born Jeanne Bourjois, or Bourgeois, was believed to be eighty-two. Her legs, described as "the most beautiful in the world," were reputed, at one time, to be insured for £100,000. King Edward VII called her "The Spirit of Paris."



SHARING FIRST PRIZE AT THE END OF THE HASTINGS INTERNATIONAL CHESS TOURNAMENT: F. OLAFSSON, OF ICELAND (LEFT), AND V. KORCHNOI, OF RUSSIA.  
The thirty-first annual Hastings International Chess Congress ended on January 6 with the joint victory of V. Korchnoi, the Leningrad master, and F. Olafsson, the young Icelandic champion, both of whom had 7 points. They both drew their final games, against J. Fuller (Britain) and B. Ivkov (Yugoslavia), respectively. Ivkov was runner-up with 6½ points, followed by M. Taimanov (Russia) with 6.



A CANADIAN STEEL MANUFACTURER:  
THE LATE SIR JAMES DUNN.

Sir James Dunn, chairman and president of the Algoma Steel Corporation, Ontario, died at St. Andrew's, New Brunswick, on January 1, aged eighty-one. He was largely responsible for building up the Corporation and its subsidiaries into one of Canada's biggest industrial concerns. He was created a baronet in 1921, and made a King's Counsel (Canada) in 1949.



# NELL GWYNNE'S ENGLAND REVEALED IN MSS.

By SIR CHARLES PETRIE, BT.

THE Army and Navy Club has recently received the gift, from the Hon. Wendell Anderson, of four handsomely-bound volumes containing a number of manuscripts and other matter relating to Nell Gwynne and her contemporaries. The collection was formed by a Mr. E. W. Hennell during the latter part of last century, and his book-plate is to be found on each volume: it is officially entitled, presumably in his handwriting, "The Story of Nell Gwynne, illustrated with various portraits, MSS. and letters, commenced 1884, finished and bound in 4 volumes by Zaehnsdorf 1891." Mr. Hennell would appear originally to have become interested in the subject as a result of reading Peter Cunningham's "Story of Nell Gwyn and Sayings of Charles II," the text of which the collection was made to amplify, and which is included in these four volumes. It is, indeed, fitting that the collection should be housed at the Army and Navy, for the club stands on the site of a house in which Nell Gwynne is said to have lived (though the fact is disputed by some authorities), and it is by kind permission of the Chairman and Committee that this account of the gift has been written.

Let it be said at once that there is nothing sensational in these papers, nor anything that will cause the historian to revise his estimate of the reign of Charles II, but the cumulative effect of their perusal upon the reader is to present a most interesting picture of life in the later Stuart period. Naturally enough, a great deal of the material relates to Nell Gwynne herself, and, as was the custom in those days, her name is spelt in a variety of ways. A number of her house-keeping bills are included in the collection, and, contrary to what might perhaps have been expected, she seems to have settled them promptly, which may have been one of the reasons for her widespread popularity among Londoners. Some of the commodities she bought cost her a great deal, even judged by modern standards, and on one occasion we find her buying  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of tea at 28s. lb. Another time there is a receipt for £6 for 6000 "beech billets." Wood was much less expensive than coal, which had to come all the way by sea from Newcastle; and it was also much more pleasant than the dried cow-dung which was used in some country districts, and of which a lady traveller wrote, "It's a very offensive fuel."

It would appear from these papers that even in her days of prosperity Nell Gwynne was not always carried about in her own chair by her own chairmen, but that she often used to hire, as we should say to-day. Several of the bills relate to this practice of hers, and one, from a chairman of the name of William Calow, contains the item, "For careing you yesterday, and wayting eleven oures, 11s. 6d." This would surely seem to have been a very modest charge, even allowing for the fall in the purchasing power of the pound in the last three centuries, but even more remarkable is the discretion of William Calow in not specifying where he had to wait for eleven hours: a bill from a modern car-hire service would be much more informative on such a matter. Incidentally, sedan chairs were still somewhat of a novelty, for it was only in 1634 that a monopoly of letting them had been granted to Sir Sanders Duncombe for the express purpose of relieving traffic congestion by initiating competition with the great number of coaches which blocked the streets.

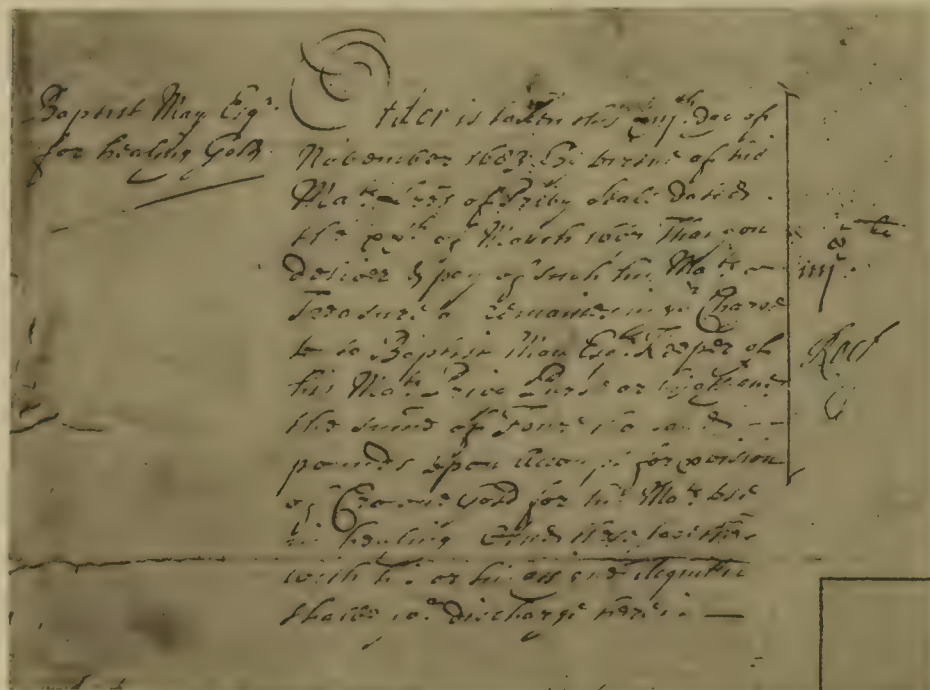
It is not surprising that there should be many references to Charles II himself. Under date of June 4th, 1673, there is a set of instructions for landing men on the Dutch coast, for England was then at war with the Netherlands, or the United Provinces, as they were called; and the document was signed on shipboard by the King, whose signature is not quite normal clearly owing to a roll of the ship just as he was putting pen to paper. Those were not the days when statesmen went into conference with a horde of secretaries and stenographers, for a month later, on July 6, 1673, there was a Council of War

held on board the *Royal Sovereign*, and the resolutions passed at it are in the King's own handwriting.

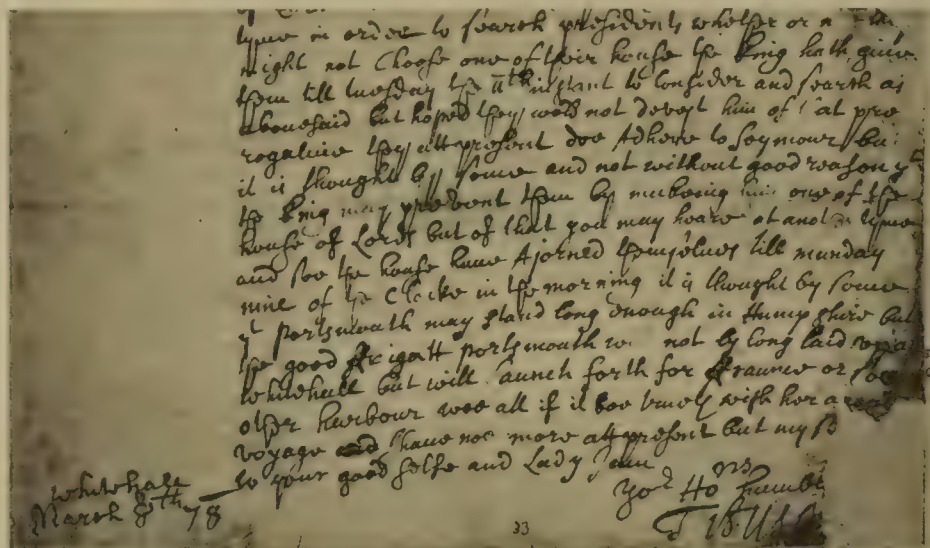
Not all of the documents relating to Charles are, however, of an official character, and one of them in particular strikes a very human note: it is a copy of the *London Gazette* of July 16-19, in which the following notice appears at the top of the column devoted to lost or stolen property:

A Small Liver Coloured Spaniel Bitch lost from the King's Lodgings, on the 14th. instant, with a little White on her Breast, and a little White on the tops of her hind Feet. Whoever brings her to Mr. Chiffinch's Lodgings at the King's Back-Stairs, or to the King's Dog-keeper in St. James-Park shall be well rewarded for their pains.

One would like to think that Charles, whose affection for his dogs was notorious, had written out the notice himself, as he well may have done.



ONE OF AN INTERESTING COLLECTION OF SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MANUSCRIPTS WHICH WERE RECENTLY PRESENTED TO THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUB, AND WHICH ARE DISCUSSED BY SIR CHARLES PETRIE, BT., IN HIS ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE. AN ORDER FOR £4000 PAID TO BAPTIST MAY, ESQ., IN 1683, FOR "HEALING GOLD": THIS WAS THE GOLD USED "FOR THE COINS WHICH WERE GIVEN TO THOSE WHO WERE 'TOUCHED' FOR THE KING'S EVIL."



PART OF A LETTER FROM TITUS OATES, THE NOTORIOUS FABRICATOR OF THE "POPISSH PLOT," TO ADMIRAL SIR R. ROTH. DATED MARCH 8, 1678, IT WAS WRITTEN NOT LONG BEFORE THE REVELATION OF THE ALLEGED PLOT.

Anyhow, it related to one of those canine friends of whom Rochester wrote:

His very dog at council board  
Sits grave and wise as any lord.

Another document relating to a more serious aspect of the King's activities is a manuscript statement of the national finances for the year 1663; they are set out on a sheet of paper of a size slightly smaller than foolscap. The revenue amounted to a sum of £965,000, of which the main items were the receipts from Customs and Excise. This was more than counter-balanced by an expenditure of £1,086,100, and of this amount the principal items were:

Home garrisons	-	-	-	£85,000
The King, under various heads	-	-	-	£73,000
The Duke of York	-	-	-	£41,500
The Queen Consort	-	-	-	£40,000
Secretaries of State	-	-	-	£3,500

Under the debit side of the account there is an illuminating footnote to the effect that there was no

provision for the payment of debts. There certainly were plenty of debts, for a debit of £1,250,000 had accumulated on the upkeep of the Navy during the Commonwealth, while the revenue settled upon the King at the Restoration was £100,000 per annum less than Oliver Cromwell had enjoyed.

In considering these figures it must be remembered that they did not include Ireland and Scotland, but solely related to England and Wales, of which the population stood at about 5,000,000 at the beginning of the reign of Charles II, and probably at some 500,000 more at the end. This was, it may be observed, about a quarter of that of contemporary France and half that of Spain. Furthermore, out of the sum earmarked for the King, he had to defray not only the cost of his Court but also that of the Civil Service. The Secretaries of State in 1663 were Sir Henry Bennet, later Earl of Arlington, and Sir William Morice, so with £1,750 apiece they were not badly off by modern Cabinet standards when the relative values of money and rates of taxation are taken into consideration.

A further document relating to financial matters is the original order, dated November 1683, for the payment of £4000 for "healing gold" for the King's use: this was, of course, for the coins which were given to those who were "touched" for the King's Evil.

Although a large part of the collection is concerned with Charles II and Nell Gwynne, Mr. Hennell was extremely catholic in his tastes, and there is much material relating to other well-known characters of the period, such as Samuel Pepys. There is a holograph letter from him from Derby House, dated November 19, 1678, when the so-called Popish Plot was beginning to cast its shadow over the land, and the English people were falling into a state of hysteria. In this letter Pepys expresses his concern regarding his clerk, Samuel Atkins, who had been arrested at the beginning of the month on the charge of complicity in the murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey. Pepys well knew that in arresting his clerk his enemies were in reality striking at him, for if Atkins made any statement that could possibly be construed as incriminating him, his own arrest would immediately follow. On the morning of the day on which the letter was written, Atkins was loaded with a great chain in Newgate, but it was not until the following February that he was tried, and, so well had Pepys prepared his defence, acquitted, for the evidence against him would not have hung a cat. Derby House, it may be added, was in Cannon Row, S.W.1, and the Admiralty Office had been moved there at the beginning of 1674.

Another letter concerning the Plot is from no less a person than Titus Oates himself, who wrote from Whitehall, where he had been provided with quarters at the unwilling King's expense, to one Admiral Sir R. Rooth in a particularly nauseating tone, hinting at some service he was ready to perform. Of Rooth himself we know little, save that he had had a creditable career in the Navy, and Oates had been his chaplain in the *Adventure* on a voyage to Tangier in 1675. Relations between the Admiral and his former chaplain must have improved in the interval, for on that occasion according to a contemporary, "Oates, caught in the crime of sodomy, he narrowly escaped a hanging at the yard-arm," homosexuality in those days being a capital offence. A further document on the subject of the Plot is a letter from the luckless Lord Stafford, whose judicial murder took place in December 1680.

Other events of national interest reflected in the collection are receipts for payments in connection with Tangier, which became a British possession for a time as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza on her marriage to Charles II; and there are also details of payments to Thomas Eastwell, who apparently went to France to collect from the Government of Louis XIV as they became due the instalments of the sum of £200,000 for which Dunkirk had been sold. From the document in question it would appear that Eastwell was employed to see that the French did not pay in bad money, which would seem to argue a certain lack of confidence on the part of Charles II in his cousin's ministers.

[Continued opposite.]







## FROM LONDON TO MONACO: A CAMERA SYMPOSIUM OF WORLD NEWS.



RECORDING ATMOSPHERIC POLLUTION DURING A LONDON FOG: CIVIL DEFENCE MEN IN A SCIENTIFIC SURVEY. During the recent severe fogs, a volunteer force of some 450 observers took sample tests in various London districts in order to assess the extent of atmospheric pollution. The tests were submitted to the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research for scientific examination. This was the biggest investigation of its kind ever carried out.



HOLDING A HUGE AQUAMARINE, CLAIMED TO BE THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD: THE BRAZILIAN MINER WHO DISCOVERED IT IN THE STATE OF MINAS GERAIS ("MINES EVERYWHERE"), BRAZIL'S GREAT INDUSTRIAL DISTRICT AND AN ANCIENT MINING AREA.



HAULED ON DUTY: ONE OF THE THREE WOLF ROCK LIGHTHOUSE KEEPERS WHO RELIEVED THE PREVIOUS TEAM TWENTY-THREE DAYS LATE OWING TO HEAVY SEAS. WOLF ROCK LIGHTHOUSE IS OFF THE COAST OF CORNWALL.



BEING SWUNG ABOARD SHIP AT LIVERPOOL DOCKS FOR SERVICE IN SPAIN: THE LAST OF SIXTY 3600-H.P. ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES SUPPLIED BY THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC COMPANY FOR SPANISH NATIONAL RAILWAYS.



NAVAL HISTORY WITHOUT TEARS: CHILDREN ENJOYING A CHRISTMAS LECTURE AT THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, WHERE THE DIRECTOR, MR. FRANK CARR, SHOWS THEM A CAPTURED SPANISH PISTOL AND A MODEL OF H.M.S. VICTORY TO ILLUSTRATE HIS TALK ON NELSON'S NAVY.



CONTROLLING A WINGLESS, TAILLESS MODEL AIRCRAFT: ITS DESIGNER, DR. A. M. LIPPISCH, IN A DEMONSTRATION AT CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA. POWERED BY INTERNAL PROPELLERS, IT IS HOPED THAT THE AIRCRAFT WILL RISE VERTICALLY, HOVER AND TRAVEL AT SUPERSONIC SPEEDS.



SURROUNDED BY GIFTS, LARGELY DONATED BY PUBLICITY-MINDED MANUFACTURERS: A TRAFFIC POLICEMAN IN ROME, WHERE IT IS NOW TRADITIONAL FOR TRAFFIC POLICEMEN TO RECEIVE GIFTS FROM APPRECIATIVE MOTORISTS AND OTHERS AT EPIPHANY (JANUARY 6).



ARRANGING THE TASSELS OF A ROYAL CANOPY: A FOOTMAN IN THE BEAUTIFUL THRONE-ROOM OF PRINCE RAINIER'S PALACE AT MONACO, WITH ITS HAND-PAINTED CEILING AND SILK-HUNG WALLS. THE PRINCE'S ENGAGEMENT TO MISS GRACE KELLY WAS ANNOUNCED ON JANUARY 5.



## SCENES OF RESCUE, FIRES, WRECKS AND AN AIR CRASH—IN FOUR COUNTRIES.



(LEFT.) RESCUE FROM THE AIR: A SIKORSKY-55 HELICOPTER OF THE U.S. 38TH AIR RESCUE SQUADRON, HOISTING A JAPANESE SEAMAN FROM THE WRECK OF THE *Tonda Maru* (1300 TONS) OFF THE NORTH COAST OF HONSHU. THE AIRCRAFT RESCUED FOURTEEN MEN ON DECEMBER 27.

(RIGHT.) SIX OF THE SEVEN MEN RESCUED BY THE COVERACK LIFEBOAT FROM THE STEAMER *Citrine*, WHICH SANK OFF THE LIZARD ON JANUARY 2. THE SEVENTH MAN DIED OF EXPOSURE.

On January 2 the Glasgow steamer *Citrine* sank in a gale off the Lizard. Of the ten members of the crew, three were saved by the Lizard lifeboat, seven (one of whom died of exposure) by the Coverack lifeboat, whose coxswain drove the boat right on the ship as she sank to save the last three men.



RUSSIAN OFFICIALS CARRYING RECORDS OUT OF THE BURNING RUSSIAN EMBASSY IN OTTAWA DURING A FIRE WHICH BROKE OUT IN THE UPPER STOREYS ON JANUARY 1. DAMAGE ESTIMATED AT £89,000 WAS CAUSED.



THE GUTTED RUSSIAN EMBASSY AT OTTAWA, AFTER THE FIRE OF JANUARY 1, SHOWING FIREMEN REMOVING HOSES, WITH THE RUINS OF THE HOUSE HUNG WITH ICICLES. The fire which started in the Russian Embassy on January 1 at Ottawa, and which was said to be due to faulty electric wiring, led to accusations by the Mayor of Ottawa that the firemen were "obstructed in their duty" and counter accusations by the Embassy that the efforts of the firemen were inadequate.



FIREMEN SEARCHING THE RUINS OF A CARAVAN AT ILCHESTER IN WHICH A WOMAN AND HER BABY WERE KILLED AS THE RESULT OF THE CRASH OF A NAVAL *SEA VENOM* AIRCRAFT. On January 5 a *Sea Venom* of the Royal Australian Navy crashed at Ilchester, Somerset, on two caravans, killing a woman and her baby and injuring a man and wife and their baby in the second caravan. The pilot and other airman, both Australians, were also killed. The aircraft, which came from Yeovilton, crashed a few minutes after taking off.



THE TOP OF THE EIFFEL TOWER ON FIRE: SMOKE RISING FROM THE TELEVISION RELAYING POST AT THE SUMMIT. Early on January 3, before the liftman had arrived for duty, fire broke out in the television relaying post at the top of the Eiffel Tower; and the firemen had to carry their extinguishers up thousands of steps to extinguish the blaze.



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## BACK AND FORTH.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I HAVE been looking at some of the theatre anniversaries of 1956. Before coming to them, perhaps I can dare to suggest the theatrical event of 1955 most likely to be remembered a hundred years on. A long shot, indeed, but I have no hesitation in naming the Macbeth and Titus of Sir Laurence Olivier—"two of his weapons." No new play of the twelve months seems to be a candidate for one's selective record; but the emotional performance of Irene Worth, as Argia in "The Queen and the Rebels," is most certainly for permanence. It is, then, the more surprising, and disheartening, that this piece should be announced to end its run at the Haymarket, today, January 14. West End playgoers can be inexplicable.

The new year has begun finely with the award of a C.B.E. to Paul Scofield, London's latest Hamlet, who is not yet thirty-four. Scofield will be an actor for history; as it is, I have a most vivid recollection of his work in a score of parts between Hamlet and the Clown of "The Winter's Tale." Before him the mountain trail is clear, and it is noticeable that, during his stage life so far, he has spent very little time dallying in the foothills. The new Hamlet is London's major excitement.

Another event—the last play of 1955—was less exciting. It may become me ill to speak as a prophet new-inspired; but I can suggest with some confidence that "May Fever," now at the Lindsey, will hardly be a name in the theatre records of 2055. It is by John Morley. As author, lyric-writer and composer, he has tried strenuously to combine a musical comedy with a revue. This is often disarming, and one would not be angry with it; but Mr. Morley, it is clear, has tried too hard to do too much. His lyrics bump and clatter; his efforts, especially in the last scene, to get his songs to rise from the script, are so palpably contrived that we want to interrupt the cast. "Go on!" we feel like saying. "Forget the excuses. This is a musical comedy. So go right ahead. Sing!"

At best the songs are useful. There are some agreeable people in the cast: Allan Gabriel, as an undergraduate with a soul above the popular number; Pauline Innes, Eileen Gourlay. Anona Winn, with the most trying part—that of a professional helping out an undergraduate revue—at least goes down with colours at the mast. And there is a really good scene in which Jeremy Geidt, as a Philistine of many Tin Pan Alley blandishments, puts Richard Curnock, one of the undergraduates of the May Week revue, through his paces as a crooner. This is funny, though elsewhere I rather feel that Dark Blues may enjoy the piece better than Light Blues. We are, reputedly, in Princes' College, Cambridge, during May Week, and something seems to have gone wrong. However, Cambridge can always retaliate by pointing to the St. Olde's of "Charley's Aunt."

"May Fever" is another proof, at least, that the ingenious spring-song musical play is still in favour. Both "Salad Days" and "The Boy Friend" (which acts so much better than it reads) have run through 1955. "The Buccaneer" has had some cheerful months at Hammersmith. "The Water Gypsies," a relatively late arrival, holds its own at the Winter

Garden; and I hope that "A Girl Called Jo" (Piccadilly) will ride out into the undisturbed waters of a long run, though it has bothered me to find how many people have forgotten Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy—Marches that to me have always come in like lionesses.

I doubt whether anyone at all theatre-minded has not, at least, heard of such plays as Rattigan's "Separate Tables," which has now become the St. James's longest run; Agatha Christie's veteran "The Mousetrap," which makes some of us wonder

look forward to a full year. In fact, this is no place for Mr. Priestley, who said once: "This whole 'long-run' nonsense ought to be dropped. It is bad for playwrights, players and the public."

And now what about the centenaries of 1956? The most notable, theatrically, are the destruction by fire of Covent Garden Theatre (March 5, 1856), the birth of G. F. Cooke on April 17, 1756 (bicentenary), Ellen Terry's first stage appearance as Mamillius in "The Winter's Tale" at the Princess's on April 28, 1856, the birth of R. C. Carton, the dramatist, on May 10, 1856, and of a greater dramatist, Bernard Shaw, on July 26 of the same year, William Archer's birth on September 23, and Henry Irving's first appearance as an actor, in "Richelieu," at the Lyceum, Sunderland, on September 29, 1856.

There is a nice mixed bunch. For me some of them are oddly bound together. Thus I think at once of Macready's comment after he had viewed the blackened walls of Covent Garden (it had been destroyed by fire at the end of a *bal masqué*): "It was not my theatre, the scene of my anxieties, my struggles, my trials, and my sufferings and my triumphs: that had long since been changed." And when I think of Macready (then retired), I remember that, during the same spring, a little girl called Ellen Terry acted Mamillius in the Charles Kean production (Kean had been Macready's rival) of "The Winter's Tale," wearing a red-and-silver dress and dragging a little go-cart the exact copy of one depicted on a Greek vase. (She tripped over it on the first of 102 nights.)

It was Macready who first produced the drama of "Richelieu" (in 1839), so again I think of him in reading of Irving's appearance in that play. The young man, at Sunderland, spoke the opening words, "Here's to our enterprise!" (In later years, at the Lyceum, he would play Richelieu himself, and the old actor, John Ryder, loyal to the memory of Macready, cried out at the end of the first night: "Mother Shipton, with trimmings!" There must always be these rigid loyalties.)

Then we have Archer, the drama critic, also a Macreadyan, and, like Shaw, a banner-bearer of Ibsen; and we have Shaw himself, whose dealings with both Archer and Irving are part of stage history; and Carton, the author of "Lord and Lady Algy," of which Archer wrote that, though it could not take a permanent place on the stage, "it is all that it pretends to be, and more; its literary workmanship is excellent, its scenic skill consummate." Who else? George Frederick Cooke, intemperate tragedian, was the Richard the Third of his time. Macready, thirty-seven years his junior, saw him act and much admired him, in spite of Cooke's limited vocal resource.

Let me quote from one of Cooke's little-known journals. The date is Thursday, January 9, 1806:

Arose in the afternoon. Dined at New Slaughter's Coffee-house, St. Martin's-lane, and afterwards adjourned to the old one.

The funeral procession of the late Admiral Lord Nelson to St. Paul's took place this afternoon, but I did not see it.

To do him justice he had seen the funeral procession on the Thames on the previous day, and had read himself to sleep that night with a "poem on the death of Admiral Lord Nelson, with notes for erecting a national monument, &c, dedicated (by permission) to Thomas Harris, Esq. by Thomas Marshall."



A CURRENT SUCCESS WHICH IS TO HAVE A SPECIAL MIDNIGHT MATINÉE ON FEBRUARY 2: "LA PLUME DE MA TANTE" (GARRICK), SHOWING THE "DREAM RENDEZVOUS" SCENE FROM THE ROBERT DHERY REVUE, WITH (L. TO R.) ROBERT DHERY, PIERRE OLAF AND COLETTE BROSSET. THE PROCEEDS FROM THE MIDNIGHT PERFORMANCE, WHICH IS TO BE ATTENDED BY THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR AND HIS WIFE, AS WELL AS MEMBERS OF THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION, WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE FRENCH HOSPITAL IN SOHO.



THE PLAY WHICH HAS BROKEN A THIRTY-YEAR-OLD RECORD AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE: "SEPARATE TABLES"—A DOUBLE BILL OF TWO PLAYS—SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FIRST, "THE WINDOW TABLE," WITH MISS COOPER, THE MANAGERESS (BERYL MEASOR) AND (SEATED) MISS MEACHAM (MAY HALLATT).

A thirty-year-old record was broken at the St. James's Theatre on December 29, when Terence Rattigan's "Separate Tables" reached its 515th performance. The previous play to hold the "long run" record for the theatre with 514 performances was "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," in 1925. Before that "The Late Christopher Bean" reached 488 performances in 1933, and "His House in Order" achieved 430 in 1906. The theatre was built in 1835.

Moon" (Her Majesty's), "Dry Rot" (Whitehall), and the Victoria Palace revue, "Jokers Wild." All of these have had more than a year's run, and "The Mousetrap" has had more than three: I have long forgotten the murderer or murderess, if indeed there was either. "Sailor, Beware!" and "Kismet" each



STILL ATTRACTING LARGE AUDIENCES AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, WHERE IT REACHED ITS 515TH PERFORMANCE ON DECEMBER 29: "SEPARATE TABLES," SHOWING MARGARET LEIGHTON AS MRS. SHANKLAND IN A SCENE FROM THE FIRST PLAY IN THE DOUBLE BILL BY TERENCE RATTIGAN, IN WHICH SHE IS A SOPHISTICATED EX-MANNEQUIN WHO MEETS HER DIVORCED HUSBAND AGAIN.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"MAY FEVER" (New Lindsey).—The scene is Princes' College, Cambridge. Undergraduates are contemplating a May Week revue. The author, John Morley, has tried to unite the revue with a musical comedy—alas, with indifferent success, though some of the playing is highly competent, and there is one scene towards the end (between Jeremy Geidt and Richard Curnock) that almost justifies the production. (December 28.)



# CLUE TO A LITERARY PUZZLE? THE WALSINGHAM TOMB AT CHISLEHURST.

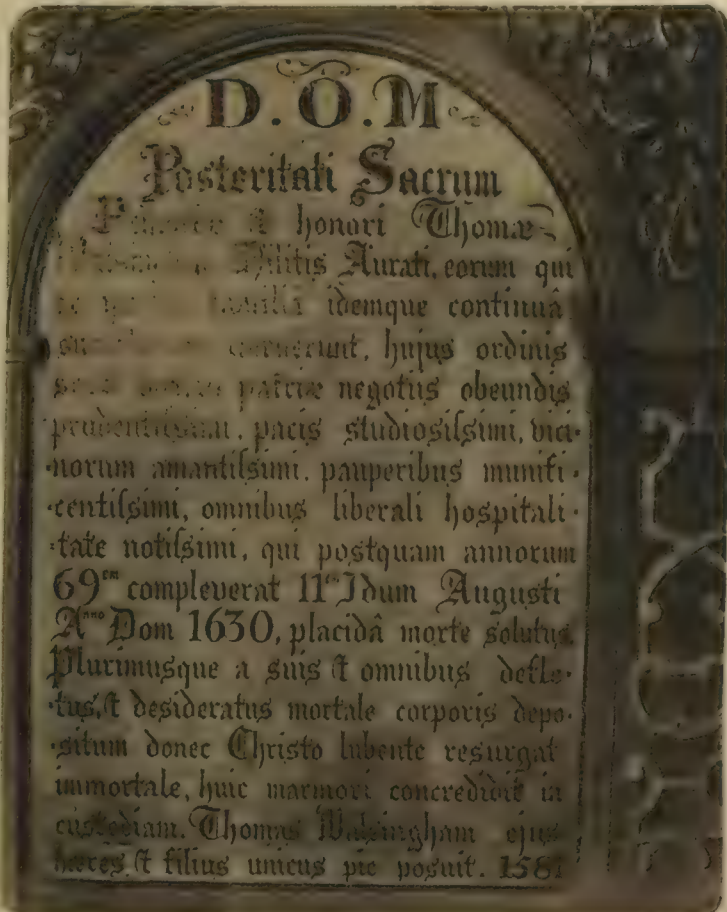


STANDING NEXT TO THE WALSINGHAM TOMB AT CHISLEHURST: THE AMERICAN CRITIC, MR. C. HOFFMAN, WHO IS SEEKING PROOF OF HIS THEORY THAT MARLOWE WROTE SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.



OUTSIDE THE CHURCH IN WHICH THOMAS WALSINGHAM, PATRON OF CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, LIES BURIED: MR. CALVIN HOFFMAN LEAVING THE CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS.

A Court sitting at St. Nicholas Church, Chislehurst, on January 2, gave Mr. John Marsham-Townshend, Lord of the Manor, permission to open the fifteenth-century tomb in Scadbury Chapel, an enclosure at one corner of the church, in which lies the body of Sir Thomas Walsingham IV with two other members of his family. Mr. Calvin Hoffman, an American critic, believes that the tomb may contain manuscripts supporting his theory that Christopher Marlowe was not murdered at Deptford in May 1593, but that someone else was murdered in his place and that he was spirited away by his patron, Thomas Walsingham IV, and that Marlowe was, in fact, the man who wrote Shakespeare's plays. At the time of writing it does not appear likely that the tomb will be opened in the immediate future, as nothing more can be done until Mr. Marsham-Townshend, who is abroad, returns to this country. Mr. Hoffman has said that he will fly to England for the opening. The photographs on this page showing Mr. Calvin Hoffman, were taken when he visited this country last summer.



TO THE MEMORY OF SIR THOMAS WALSINGHAM IV: THE INSCRIPTION ON THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY TOMB AT CHISLEHURST, IN KENT.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is disturbing when the critics hail a novel as masterly with one voice, and then relapse into total disagreement about it. And "The Quiet American," by Graham Greene (Heinemann; 13s. 6d.), is in that sense a problem novel. Already there have been conflicting views on what is supposed to happen, let alone what we should think. Indeed, the unanimity can be reduced to a single head: no matter what is being done, or what we think of it, it is done beautifully. Mr. Greene is an unrivalled storyteller.

I agree that it is done beautifully. And one may add that it shows a unique flair for subject. The war in Indo-China has everything; as background, it is at once lovely, specialised and ghastly. Horror-scenes, when we have a duty to face up to them, are rather like erotica in a lower sphere—they do half the work; and Mr. Greene's drained, days-old, floating bodies and dismembered children, would be effective in much less skilful hands. His narrator has actually passed through other hands; he is our friend the sardonic newspaper man, with slightly bloodshot eyes, a fund of inside knowledge, and a world-view equally compounded of cynicism and heartbreak. This figure is usually American, or at least "American-type." But Mr. Greene has turned him into an Englishman, removed the lacquer, and transformed him in deeper ways, to the most striking of which I shall recur. More superficially, he doesn't drink, but smokes opium, under the soothing tendence of a young Annamese girl. Fowler came East in search of death; meanwhile, it would be unbearable to lose Phuong. As for the war, he will report it, but refuses to be "engaged." Even an opinion is a form of action, so he has no opinions. Yet he has sympathies. He likes those who are suffering—the peasants, the fighting French. He "doesn't like Ike." And he detests his gross, rowdy, sneering American colleagues...

But no one could dislike Pyle, the "quiet" American. This new-comer is a blushing schoolboy of thirty-two, cram full of idealism, and scout's honour, and invincible ignorance. He at once chums up with Fowler, and then proceeds to outbid him for the Annamese girl. Which is, of course, hard on "Tom"; but it is unexceptionable, since he did it out of pure chivalry, and told his friend straight away. And he is equally justified in supplying a bandit general with bombs for terrorist demonstrations. Because the answer in Indo-China is a Third Force, neither Communist nor "colonial"... Pyle has got that from books, and it is no use telling him that reality is more complex, or that General Thé is just a thug. The first big bomb was to have exploded in Saigon in the middle of a parade; but the parade is called off, and the victims are a crowd of women and children out shopping. Too bad, says Pyle, better luck next time. ... Then Fowler deserts his principles.

Fowler is a camouflaged Catholic—though not a good one. That seemed to me obvious all through, under the thin disguise of his professed atheism, and habit of saying "Roman Catholic." In the story it is a flaw; and Pyle, though brilliant, is a factitious character. But the story is all one with the conduct of it, the superb setting and incidentals, the time when Fowler can lawfully sound like Mr. Greene.

## OTHER FICTION.

"The Primrose Path," by Peter Forster (Longmans; 12s. 6d.), is not only a first book, but apparently the first instalment of a "mid-century *comédie humaine*"—and, we are told, "a novel as contemporary as to-day's advertisements and *espresso* bars." Which is exactly, indeed obtrusively, the effect aimed at. Everything about the life of Edward Primrose (for, alas, he is called Primrose) has to be split-modern in décor, and is expounded as "representative." This Edward is twenty-seven, and beginning to feel his age. His prospects are stable but unexciting. He has no interests, no definite ambitions, no absorbing love-affair; he and Jill were only drawn together by the idea of "cohabiting," and they have both worn it out. Vaguely, he feels dissatisfied and unsettled; but he has still a good, safe job, and an instinctive loyalty to "the form." Then he meets a young actress called Jo. If Jo had cared for him, he would have married and settled down; instead, she upsets his ideas, shakes his allegiance to the form, then ditches him. In defiant misery, he throws up the job—and starts downhill, towards the most "contemporary" species of shame and ruin.

But that is precisely what one can't swallow. And apart from that, Edward might have gone wrong fifty or a hundred years ago in substantially the same way. Nor is he "average"; though likable, he is exceptionally weak-kneed. This has a relaxing effect on the story; but it is admirable in bits, and reveals great care and promise.

"Sunset at Noon," by Jane Oliver (Collins; 12s. 6d.), is a novelised biography of James IV—Scotland's Renaissance prince, the boy who wore mourning at his coronation, and an iron belt all his life, because he felt himself accessory to his father's murder. James is a dazzling, romantic figure on a dark ground. The guilt of Sauchieburn, where he had led a rebel army, and James III had been stabbed in cold blood, was a disease he carried right on to Flodden. It is impossible to overdo the romance of James IV, who was not only chivalrous and meteoric, but lovable and warm-hearted. Miss Oliver brings out his full pathos, and always—as in the affair of Margaret Drummond—takes the romantic line. Yet if one were to find fault with her, it would be for excess of sobriety. The theme required more panache.

"Dead Indeed," by M. R. Hodgkin (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), is all about children's book-publishing in New York. A tycoon named Garth has offered a new prize for Creative Illustration—the event of the year; and it is awarded to Bruce Belloc, the newest and most objectionable author-artist on the Young Brewin list. Miss Bond, the Children's Editor, Emily her secretary, and Emily's crony Charles of Publicity, are all stunned; for they had agreed to expect nothing. Then Belloc gets himself murdered in the waiting-room. ... The problem is rather luxurious for my taste, and the solution absurd. Yet it is a delightful story: very amusing and well-written, excellent background, appealing company.

K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## FROM THE ETRUSCANS TO A GREAT INDUSTRIAL FIRM.

OF all the peoples of the ancient world, the Etruscans capture and hold the imagination in a manner quite out of proportion to the little that we know about them. They may indeed be called, as Frau Sibylle von Cles-Reden calls them, "The Buried People" (Rupert Hart-Davis; 35s.). They were a majestic and a powerful race, a high civilisation which produced major works of art fully equal to those of their conquerors, the Romans. Some would say that Etruscan art surpasses all but the very best of the Greco-Roman world, and the magnificent illustrations in this book bear out this view. This is how the author describes the Apollo of Veii: "There is a world of difference between this god of gilded clay, with his dark, almost swarthy face, and the severe, abstract dignity of archaic Greek figures of Apollo, with those divine but empty smiles on their features and

those eyes seemingly sunk in ecstatic contemplation of eternal truths. The smile of the Etruscan Apollo, on the contrary, is a thing of awe. Behind his downcast look and the predatory line of his upturned lips, there lurks the pitiless cruelty of the universe. This is no radiant creature of the heavens: this is an expression of the incomprehensible powers of creation, throbbing in the fierce strength of his limbs as they advance. The power of mighty natural forces has stretched tight the muscles beneath the thin garments; and behind the broad, saturnine forehead there lurks the mystery of death. ... There is no more of classic objectivity about this work than there is of classic peace. Only the will and the temperament of the artist count: his god was not designed to embody the perfection of things, but their perpetual change—the agony that torments mankind in birth and death; the fear, the desire, the pain of every living thing." I make no apology for quoting at this length. The passage not only illustrates the author's remarkably vivid style, but points the difference between the Etruscans and the races which succeeded them. The vast, haunted fortresses of Volaterræ and Veii are terrible in their lonely splendour. Of the latter Frau von Cles-Reden writes: "The island-cliff of Veii to-day stands desolate and silent. Time flows over it like an all-engulfing deluge. But in the Tiber Valley lower down, eternal Rome had outspread beneath her domes, like gleaming moons. She has survived the downfall of the Roman Empire, the onslaughts of decay and war for thousands of years, imperishable; and she had long forgotten the mortal struggle with her proud and luckless rival, whose downfall was the beginning of her own unexampled rise to power." In their fallen pride and majesty, the buried Etruscan people make the Romans of the Republican and Imperial eras seem a trifle suburban. Here is a book that is really worthy of a great subject.

While Frau von Cles-Reden has created a coherent picture of the Etruscan people from what little evidence survives, Miss Liversidge has been able to draw upon a wealth of material for her reconstruction of "Furniture in Roman Britain" (Tiranti; 10s. 6d.). She has collected her sixty-nine illustrations together at the end of the book, and scattered marginal references to them throughout the text. This makes for ease of reference in a book which depends so much upon the illustration of particular points, though it has the curious effect of giving a faintly biblical air to Miss Liversidge's pages. I have already described the Romans as "suburban," and on inspection of some of this author's admirable reconstructions, I shall go further, and proclaim them Victorian in their domestic tastes. There is a folding-stool and a basket-chair which could have come straight from Balmoral. I do not think that Miss Liversidge would agree with me, but there is no trace of any rash generalisation in this most scholarly work. In fact, one might have wished for some more venturesome reconstructions. Miss Liversidge has gone no further than the material evidence will strictly allow. I was surprised—though, I suppose, there is really no reason why I should have been—to come upon a section headed "Soft Furnishings," as if I were glancing through a catalogue from Oxford Street or the Tottenham Court Road. But it was a keen pleasure to close a book on furniture (of whatever period) without finding either of those appalling words "functional" or "contemporary." The Romans, like all sensible people, liked to be comfortable. They did not think it necessary to sit on triangular bits of glass and chromium, or to paint "abstract" portraits. Perhaps that is why they made an Empire, while we are now destroying one.

The English Historical Documents series is a monumental production, worthy of the high traditions of the house of Eyre and Spottiswoode, which is sponsoring it. The ninth volume, "American Colonial Documents to 1776," has been edited by Professor Merrill Jensen, of the University of Wisconsin. It is priced 80s., and this cannot be regarded as expensive for so valuable a source book. It ends, suitably enough, with that immortal piece of calm and lofty prose, the Declaration of Independence: "When in the Course of human events..." If the Americans had given the world nothing else, this document alone would have stood eternally to their credit and honour.

I was pleased by the idea of a book tracing the history of one of our greatest industrial firms—John Dickinson and Co. Ltd., the papermakers—which can show an unbroken succession from before the Napoleonic wars. But I found Miss Joan Evans's "The Endless Web" (Jonathan Cape; 32s. 6d.) disappointing. The web spreads its dynastic complications throughout the book, which—though it is comparatively short—seems endless. The period, of course, covers the trading houses and banks which were immensely romantic. There were the Rothschilds and the Barings, some of whom have been immortalised in expensive colour films. The carrier-pigeons which bore the news of Napoleon's defeat have provided the best kind of material for this sort of financial extravaganza. But the more sober recitals of the growth of the great trading houses did not allow of Technicolor treatment. On page 154 there is a pleasant set of verses which makes an odd comparison between the manner of presenting wage claims in 1897 with that of to-day. Modern trade unionists do not tend to address employers in wistful doggerel. But in spite of one or two such redeeming features, the book is not one which could appeal to the general public.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

EACH of the first two rounds at Hastings this year produced a surprise. In the first, twenty-year-old Fridrik Olafsson, of Iceland, defeated the Russian Mark Taimanov. Though Fridrik (pronounce the "d" like the "th" in "the") is the Iceland and joint Scandinavian champion, it was not expected that he would best the man who, only two years ago, tied with Michael Botvinnik for the championship of the U.S.S.R.

The surprise of the second round was that Fuller and Persitz should survive with draws after obtaining utterly lost games against such experts as Ivkov and Korchnoi, respectively. The exploitation of microscopical advantages has advanced to such an art that it is unusual for a world master nowadays to miss a win once it is in his grasp. For two to go astray, in the same tournament on the same day, is amazing. Korchnoi overlooked a simple two-move combination winning a piece.

I debated which of these sensational happenings to retail to you to-day and finally plumped—on the principle "accentuate the positive"—for the first.

## ENGLISH OPENING.

OLAFSSON	TAIMANOV	OLAFSSON	TAIMANOV
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-QB4	Kt-KB3	3. Kt-B3	Kt-B3
2. Kt-QB3	P-QB4	4. P-KKt3	P-Q4

A perfect example of the application of Reti's theories. By making this "natural" advance from which White has deliberately refrained, Black creates a target for attack (his QBP) in his own position.

5. P×P	Kt×P	8. B-Kt2	B-K2
6. B-Kt2	Kt-B2	9. R-QB1	P-B3
7. P-Kt3	P-K4	10. Kt-QR4	Kt-R3

A strange situation to classical eyes! After ten moves, though White has moved neither his KP nor his QP, he has an appreciable advantage. Whilst Black has been occupying the centre with pawns, White has been developing his pieces and has now five in play, against three. Moreover, all his forces are concentrated on Black's main weakness, that QBP which is immobilised and undefendable by a pawn because of the raking White KB (10... P-QKt3? 11. Kt×KP!)

11. Castles	Castles	12. Kt-Kt1	
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Unmasking his KB and threatening Kt-Q3.

12. ...	B-Kt5	14. B-R3	Q-R4
13. P-KR3	B-R4	15. Kt-Q3	P-B5?

Wiser seems 15... QR-Q1, countering the threat to the QBP with threats to White's QP and (in some variations) QRP.

16. B×B	P×Kt	19. B×P	Q-Kt4
17. P-KKt4	Kt×B	20. B-B3	P-K5?
18. P×B	QR-Q1		

Black never looks up after this. He suggested after the game that 20... Kt-KB4 might have been better, threatening... Kt-Q5.

21. Kt-B3	Q-KKt4ch	24. P-B3	R-R3
22. B-Kt2	P-B4	25. P×P	R×P
23. P-K3	R-Q3	26. Q-B3	Kt-Kt5

Black was now shockingly short of time, with eight moves to make in a little over a minute. On his next move, it is clear in retrospect, he should not have recaptured; but how can you see all you need, with only seconds left on your clock? And the game was probably quite lost now, anyway.

27. P×P	Kt×BP		
---------	-------	--	--

Losing at once, for this knight is now pinned. 27... R×BP; 28. Q-R8ch or 27... Q×BP; 28. Q-Kt7 are, however, no more inviting.

28. P-K4	Q×P	31. R×R	Q×R(B8)ch
29. P×Kt	R(R4)×BP	32. R-B1	P-Q7
30. Q-K4	R-B5	33. Q×Kt	R-QB1
		34. Kt-Q1	P-KR3

In making this move, Taimanov's clock flag fell. Had he had time to consider the situation dispassionately at all—he would probably have resigned before now!



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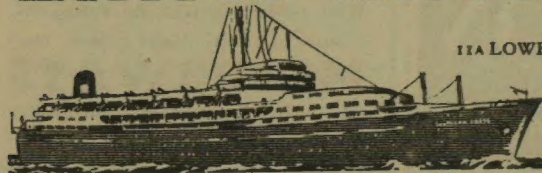
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